

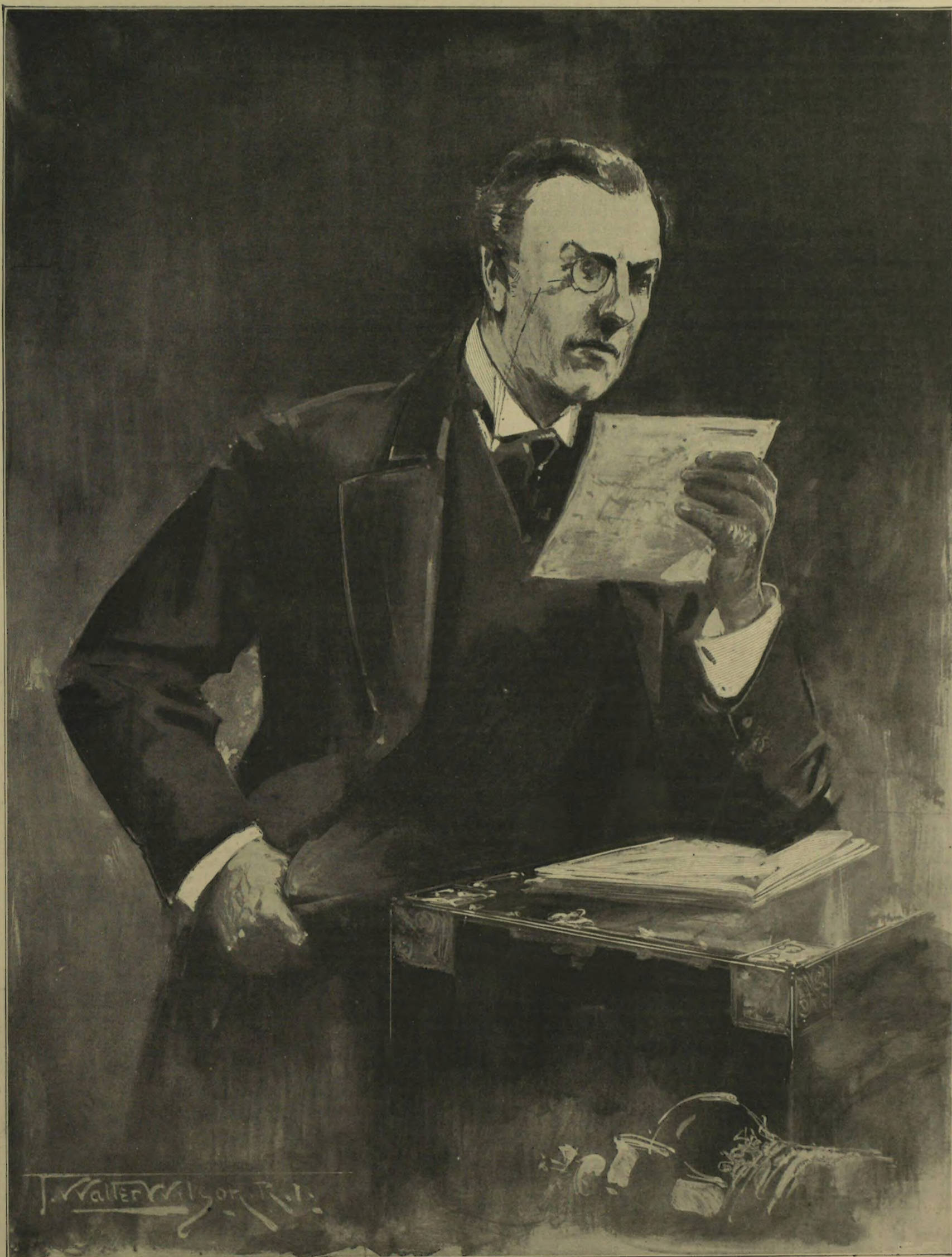
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1898.

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS } SIXPENCE.  
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MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES, READING THE TELEGRAMS FROM WEST AFRICA IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

*"I can read to the House the telegrams which I have received, but I must leave it to the House to appreciate their importance."*

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

Our readers will be disappointed this week by the absence of Mr. James Payn's name from this page. We regret to say that Mr. Payn is suffering from an attack of illness which, for the moment, has compelled him to forego a pleasant task. We have no doubt that he will soon be able to resume it with that unconquerable buoyancy which is most conspicuous among his gifts. Few English writers have given such an agreeable flavour to that commentary upon life which every man makes according to his own point of view, and the distinction of Mr. Payn's point of view is a geniality which is original and almost unique in these days of facile pessimism.

An agreeable reminder of a consistently happy philosophy comes to us in the volume of essays and sketches by Charles Dickens collected by Mr. F. G. Kitton. Here you have Dickens's ideas of life apart from his fiction. They are not very subtle, perhaps, and they do not show any deep study of problems, but they illustrate a golden rule which Dickens sometimes enforced with complete success, and sometimes violated with brilliant audacity. In all your judgments of life remember the happy mean. That is a difficult task even for the most philosophical intellect; it was specially difficult for Dickens with his ready emotions and his impetuous fancy. Nothing could be more effective than his rebuke to Cruikshank, who imagined that drunkenness was always due to a sudden fall from grace. There is a happy family party in a sober and industrious household. Some demon whispers in the ear of the father, "Why not celebrate the occasion over a bottle of gin?" The bottle is sent for, and from that moment every member of the family goes to the bad.

Dickens could see clearly the fallacy of this moral, for his wide observation had taught him that the causes of vice are complex, and rooted in abuses of the social system which cannot be reformed by mere protests against the circulation of the bottle. He could not find any supreme grace in the total abstainer, and his satire on people who imagine that virtue is attained only by refraining from something legitimate enough within the bounds of moderation is delightful. The very idea of a vegetarian tickled Dickens to inextinguishable drollery. He exploded over the conception of moral duty which forbids a man to eat gravy with his potatoes. His common-sense revolted against what he regarded as fanaticism, just as it revolted against the theory that the children of the poor could not be educated unless their minds were fed on catechisms. But though he could see excessive zeal in others, Dickens was unconscious of it in himself. He knew nothing about University education; but that did not prevent him from denouncing Oxford as a place for the "manufacture of clergymen," who were taught that religion meant "lighted candles" and Thirty-nine Articles which they might sign without believing. Of any other use for a University he had, at the moment, no sort of notion, and it never occurred to him that in this breezy intolerance he was no better than the comic vegetarian with the potatoes unspotted by gravy!

As for the bottle, a writer in the *Spectator* propounds an ingenious argument to show that, in course of time, Sir Wilfrid Lawson will have his way. The conclusion is rather surprising, because the writer, who is evidently a connoisseur of wine, devotes the greater part of his article to warnings for the benefit of the sedentary, not against drink, but against unsuitable liquors. Sherry with the soup, he says, is bad; you had better take a glass of old port. Indeed, port is the safest wine when it is good, and the theory that it breeds gout is a slander. The sedentary man may marvel a little at this, especially if there is gout in his family, transmitted from some port-bibbing ancestor. Don't we all know the vagaries of hereditary gout, how it skips the tippler very often, and introduces its insinuating twinges into the foot of an innocent being who never touches alcohol? The poet's scorn of frivolous beauty—the tenth transmission of a foolish face—should be turned to gall and wormwood when we think of the tenth transmission of many foolish bottles! However, port, says the *Spectator*, ought to be your safest beverage; claret comes next, if it is undrinkable like the thin *ordinaire* which sustains life and gaiety in the sober French peasantry; champagne is very good for some people, if taken only with food, and very bad for others under any conditions. It is here you begin to have an inkling of the moralist's purpose. He notes the significant fact that one man may consume a bottle of champagne without losing his specific gravity, while a single glass is sufficient to steal away another man's brains. This inequality of natural aptitude, being opposed to reason and justice, will at some remote period convince the civilised races that wine is a perfidious thing which must be finally discarded. What does Sir Wilfrid Lawson say to this? Probably he will prefer his scheme for shutting up the liquor-shops as, on the whole, more definite.

The lamentable destruction of Sir Henry Irving's store of scenery appeals strongly to the imagination. Just think of the distinguished personages who are left

without a roof to cover them, a chair to sit on, a pleasing landscape to catch the rolling eye of passion glancing out of the mullioned window! There is not even "a blasted heath" for Macbeth, nor that extremely uncomfortable scene out of doors where Lear wanders in the storm. Gone is the Thane of Cawdor's castle. There is no sinister hall for Macbeth to see the air-drawn dagger in, and Lady Macbeth to brandish the more substantial weapons which have done for Duncan. Othello cannot embrace his "fair warrior" in Cyprus, and there isn't even a bed for Desdemona to be smothered on. Becket's Canterbury is reduced to ashes like Faust's Nuremberg; and the platform of Elsinore mingles its cinders with the gloomy battlements of Plessis-les-Tours. Instead of Bosworth Field, Richard beholds the sorry ruins of two railway-arches. Can you not imagine the spirits of paladins and peers and dramatic persons of no aristocratic quality but great force of character gathering round that dismal blaze in Southwark? King Arthur exchanges sad reflections with Dubosc. There is little in common between them; but they are both homeless. Guinevere smiles forlornly at Dr. Primrose, and Mephistopheles mutters a rather old joke about his own fireside. All that splendid pageantry has faded indeed, like the baseless fabric of a vision. Happily, Prospero is still at the Lyceum, and his wand can summon up for us new dreams of beauty.

So Wagner has entered the lists against the *matinée* hat. The *leit-motiv* of the Wagnerian opera season at Covent Garden is a decree that ladies who will not renounce their hats at *matinées* shall be excluded from the theatre. This will flutter the doves in Mayfair. Undoubtedly the directors of the opera are in a strong position. Women may sacrifice some entertainments in the season, but they cannot live without Wagner. Rather than forego the thrills of "Tristan und Isolde," they may consent to leave their hats in the cloak-room at morning performances. But what other theatre will venture to follow the heroic example of Covent Garden? Wagner is always irresistible, but are there any dramatists with the same magical sway over the feminine heart? Will women yield their *matinée* hats to Shakspeare? At the first performance of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the St. James's Theatre, Mr. George Alexander begged the ladies in the stalls to remove their monumental headgear; but most of them treated his appeal as a pleasant reminder of the title of the play. Now if, instead of appeal, the manager tries coercion, will the ladies submit or demand their money back? That is an ordeal by battle which some managers, who know that a theatre is a milliner's show-room, may find too severe a trial of courage.

Is the foreigner to be excluded from France? That would happen if the sentiments of M. Rochefort and his friends were translated into action by a Government which holds that the honour of the French Army is maligned by foreign critics, who insinuate that the bravest soldiers may fall into judicial error. A certain M. Louis Teste, a Parisian journalist, declares that when he sees the opinions of M. Zola reinforced by Englishmen, Germans, Russians, and Chinese, he longs "to have a shot at those fellows." This is a splendid specimen of unthinking patriotism. What would become of Paris without the patronage of the foreigner? What is the idea of the Paris Exhibition of 1900? Is it to enable Frenchmen to admire one another's arts and manufactures and to enable M. Louis Teste to proclaim the superiority of the French to everybody else, or is it hoped that a multitude of foreigners will spend money like water in Paris for six months? Shocking as this suggestion may be, it seems nearer the mark than the shot which M. Teste wants to fire at the hateful aliens.

## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Even if the Bible had been less explicit on the subject, we should still feel instinctively that one of the greatest insults one man can offer to another is to cut off his beard by force. I therefore think that the magistrate presiding at the Gateshead County Court was, if anything, too lenient in awarding John Campbell, a miner, of Unsworth, only ten guineas damages for the temporary disfigurement inflicted on him by David Adamson, the landlord of the Foresters' Arms, New Washington. John Campbell's hirsute ornament was, by all accounts, not only phenomenally fine, but was, according to the opinion of his medical adviser, absolutely necessary to him as a protection for his delicate throat. The fact that the outrage was committed in a pure spirit of mischief constitutes, to my mind, no extenuating circumstances. I know of at least one case in which a similar joke, but perpetrated less brutally, led to a lifelong enmity between two eminent Frenchmen—namely, Haussmann, Napoleon the Third's celebrated prefect, and the principal pioneer of the rebuilding and embellishment of Paris; and Baltard, the architect of the Central Markets of the French capital.

The thing happened nearly forty-three years ago, when Queen Victoria paid her memorable visit to the Emperor

and Empress of the French. As the reader may remember, a most magnificent entertainment was given by the City Fathers to the English sovereign and her consort; and a few days before the resplendent ball at the Hôtel de Ville Baltard requested Haussmann to present him to the royal guest. "Willingly," replied the prefect; "but her Majesty has an objection to beards, and in courtesy you will be compelled to part with yours." I am not aware on what grounds Haussmann made the statement. Truly, beards were just beginning to reappear in England, probably in consequence of the return of many Crimean heroes, and there was a great deal of comment, witty and otherwise, on the revival of an obsolete fashion. The pages of *Punch* for that year attest that much. Whether Queen Victoria shared the prejudice of many against beards we are not able to say.

Nevertheless, Baltard resigned himself to the sacrifice. There is no other word for it, seeing that his beard was as fine as that of John Campbell. On the evening of the fête he appeared clean-shaven, and posted himself near the prefect, who took not the slightest notice of him or his very anxious signs, the latter becoming more marked as the ceremony of presentation proceeded apace. At last that ceremony was over, but Baltard had not enjoyed the honour of kissing the Queen's hand. Haussmann, instead of taking notice of his gesticulation, had deliberately looked the other way, and, finally, when the Queen moved away, asked Baltard more or less haughtily, "What he meant by it?" "What I meant by it!" was the irate reply; "You promised to present me to the Queen." "Who are you?" "I am Baltard." "I am sorry," said Haussmann, "but, my dear fellow, I did not recognise you; you look like a scarecrow." Baltard never forgave him.

Did Haussmann deliberately ignore Baltard, or was he speaking the truth when he averred that he did not recognise him? It would be difficult to decide. The presumption was in Haussmann's favour, for there is no doubt that a man's best friend may fail to recognise him when the razor has done its work on that friend's face. Nay more, the disappearance of the beard may convert a hitherto good-looking individual into a scarecrow, although politeness requires a certain reticence on that point. I advise my readers, and especially my female readers, to glance at the last scene of the younger Dumas' "Ami des Femmes" in the original before they ask any of their admirers to shave off their beards. Both Mdlle. Hackendorf and Balbine Leverdet, the former inclined to listen to the suit of de Ryons, the other positively in love with him, turn away with ill-concealed laughter when he has parted with his splendid beard at the request of the heiress.

One of the most memorable and prolonged wars in history sprang from a sudden whim of one man in cutting off his beard. I will not go so far as to assert that Eleanor of Aquitaine was desperately enamoured of Louis VII., otherwise "le Jeune," but she tolerated him. When he shaved off his beard and she saw the lower part of his face, she turned away with something akin to loathing. She got a divorce, and married the Comte d'Anjou and Duc de Normandie, afterwards Henry II., and brought him the Duchy of Aquitaine as a dowry. But for that dowry, the English could have preferred no claim to territory in France, there would have been no war lasting for a hundred years, and there would have been one historical figure the less—namely, the Maid of Orleans.

Xantippe is an old acquaintance of mine, and she lives from one year's end to another at Monte Carlo, where she manages to make both ends meet by backing novices. It is one of the superstitions of the inveterate gambler that the novice is sure to win at the outset. One day Xantippe espied a visitor who had evidently come from a long journey, and who, her experience told, had probably never been on the Riviera, perhaps never in Europe. He was bearded like the pard, and his loose-fitting clothes betokened an utter disregard of appearances. She fastened on him like a barnacle to a ship, and she had her reward, for the stranger must have won six or seven thousand francs, and Xantippe made about three or four hundred. She there and then made up her mind to leave him severely alone next day.

She did not even feel tempted to do so, for she had scarcely entered the rooms on the following morning when she caught sight of a new *fanal*—*anglicé*, beacon. There was no more possibility of mistaking this one than the one of yesterday, though there was a remarkable difference between them. This one was clean-shaven, wore an exquisitely cut grey suit, shapely boots, and dazzling white linen. And he was going to play. Fortunately for her she had but a hundred francs of her gains with her. She staked a louis, which was swept up with the handful of gold of the stranger. Then the latter took out his note-case to get change. Oh, horror! it was the pocket-book of the bearded one, who had shaved and had donned his London-made clothes that had arrived that morning. "The brute has let me in; he has shaved his beard off," I heard her say audibly. She did not make a scene, but the rooms knew her no more that day.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE WELSH CHOIR AT WINDSOR.

The Queen has ever taken a sympathetic interest in the various institutions which aim more particularly at the preservation of territorial characteristics representative of the several ancient peoples of her Majesty's "United Kingdom." That local traditions, local pride, all, in short, that is to-day summed up in the hackneyed phrase, "local colour," appeal strongly to the Queen, has been demonstrated times without number throughout her Majesty's long reign by such pleasant incidents as that of last Tuesday evening, when the celebrated Welsh Choir performed an interesting selection from its repertoire before the Queen and the royal party in the St. George's Hall of Windsor Castle. The programme included many of the most popular specimens of Welsh minstrelsy, among them such songs as "The Men of Harlech," which long since passed into the current coin of the realm, while other items—notably, the National Anthem in Welsh—preserved more strictly the local atmosphere of the occasion. Welsh musicians, by the way, will be much to the fore during the coming week, Tuesday next being St. David's Day. On Monday, the eve of the anniversary, the seventh annual Welsh Festival will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral. The Bishop of St. David's will preach, and Mr. Ben Davies will sing the solos of a new anthem composed for the occasion by Mr. William Davies, of St. Paul's.

## THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

There is apparently, just now, some hope that a fresh campaign against the Afridis may be averted by the timely submission of those tribes which had persisted in a hostile attitude. The Malekdi Khels have surrendered and paid their fines of rupees, also sending in the prescribed number of rifles, to the commander of the British Indian military forces, which example is likely to be followed by the Zakka Khels and other tribes in the neighbourhood of the Khyber Pass and in the valleys of Tirah. General Sir William Lockhart, who had deferred his intended departure for England, was visiting the posts along the Khyber Pass on Monday last. From Baluchistan we have no additional news, but the local insurrection seems to have been suppressed by Colonel Mayne's operations at Turbat. The tribes of the northern hill country beyond the Umbeyla Pass have ceased to give any further trouble to the military authorities at Peshawar.

## FIGURE-SKATING.

Latter-day skaters are happily independent of the vagaries of that freakish individual, the clerk of the weather, and those to whom a mild winter, such as the present one has so far proved, is not unwelcome are no longer disturbed by the lament of the skating world for the frost that cometh not, or, at any rate, cometh not to stay. This year, skaters seem to have consoled themselves in greater numbers than ever with the enjoyment of their favourite exercise under the auspices of the several "natural" rinks now boasted by the Metropolis under conditions which make them independent of King Frost. Of our page of sketches taken at the National Skating Palace, Oxford Circus, the most interesting is that recalling the brilliant performance of the Stockholm champion, Mr. H. Grenander, in the international figure-skating competition, which was the occasion of our Artist's visit. Five representatives entered for the championship, Herr Fuchs (Munich), Herr Grenander (Stockholm), Herr Hengle (Vienna), Mr. Holt (England), and Herr Wük (Finland), who withdrew at the last moment. The championship was very keenly contested by the first three mentioned competitors. In the set figures Herr Hengle scored the most points, Herr Fuchs second, and Herr Grenander third; but in the evening Herr Grenander's marvellous free skating, by its nerve, rapidity of movement, grace, and extraordinary balance of the body when in almost impossible positions, so far outshone his rivals that he was successful in exceeding the points gained by Herr Hengle and Herr Fuchs, and was declared international amateur champion figure-skater by the judges. The Prince of Wales was an interested spectator of the contest.

## THE PORTAL MONUMENT.

In curious coincidence with the revival of interest in Uganda, by reason of the disturbed state of that district, the memorial raised by public subscription to the late Sir Gerald Portal and his brother Captain Melville Portal, who served under him in Uganda, has just been placed in Winchester Cathedral. Sir Gerald Portal will be remembered in the history of the extension of the British Empire during the Victorian Era by the valuable services which he rendered the Government as Special Commissioner in Uganda and Consul-General at Zanzibar, services which made him the victim of the insidious fever to which he succumbed at the early age of thirty-six. Captain Melville Portal, who is commemorated in the same monument, accompanied his brother, Sir Gerald, on his mission in Uganda, and there fell a victim to the climate and the difficulties of travel in the district. The handsome

memorial, of which we give an Illustration, is the work of Mr. Waldo Storey, from whose studio in Rome more than one notable piece of sculpture has previously been given to the world.

## A MASONIC GATHERING AT JERUSALEM.

The special Masonic cruise by the *Midnight Sun* to the Holy Land (arranged by Dr. H. S. Lunn, the originator of the Co-operative Educational Tours), under the leadership of the Venerable Archdeacon Stevens, P.G.C., as chaplain, reached Jaffa on Jan. 31, and arrived at Jerusalem the same day by special train. Out of the 120 visitors forming the party nearly forty were English Masons, representing different Lodges in the United Kingdom, as well as Colonial Lodges. The Worshipful Master and members of the Royal Solomon Mother Lodge, 293, Jerusalem, had arranged to welcome their English brethren in Solomon's Quarries, outside the Damascus Gate, and accordingly, on Thursday, Feb. 3, a Masonic meeting was held in the said quarries, during which fraternal greetings were exchanged, instructive discourses and speeches delivered, and resolutions passed. The photograph we reproduce was taken just outside the quarries after the meeting.

## A WEST AFRICAN RAILWAY.

The new railway now being constructed by the Government in the colony of Sierra Leone runs from Freetown towards the interior, but at present is only sanctioned for a distance of fifty-five miles, of which thirty miles are nearly completed. The country is mountainous, and many physical difficulties are encountered in the course of construction; while the malarious climate and the natives' want of skill cause considerable delay. On Dec. 3 last, his Excellency the Governor and Lady Cardew invited the principal Europeans of Freetown to view the railway. The party were conveyed in gaily decorated trucks to the

and lithographers. The picture is that of Alfonso XIII., the young King of Spain, in his cadet's uniform, and is a copy of a portrait executed on the new stone by express permission accorded to *The Illustrated London News* by her Majesty the Queen Regent of Spain.

The newly discovered quarry is situated at Salsadella, in the province of Castellon, and is held under a concession from the local municipality, confirmed by the Spanish Government. The superficial area of the property, we are told, is about equivalent to 120 English acres, and is conveniently situated for transit of its products to the ports of Barcelona, Valencia, and Vinaroz by the Valencia and Barcelona Railway. It is, we believe, a matter of common knowledge that the supply of lithographic stones has been hitherto practically limited to the quarries of Solenhofen in Bavaria. There are, it is true, layers of this stone to be found in some parts of France and in Canada, but the quality of these stones is far inferior to that of Bavaria and the quarries of Salsadella. When it is borne in mind that maps, plans, architectural and mechanical drawings, playing-cards, copies of old prints and pictures, photographs, and even trade circulars and notices, and advertisements are produced by lithography, it will be seen that the discovery of a quarry like that of Salsadella may mean the development of a business which will prove the means of introducing into a poor country like Spain capital from England and elsewhere which will help to develop its well-known mineral and geological resources.

The young King of Spain, whose portrait, reproduced on stone from this same newly discovered quarry, forms one of our Supplements this week, will celebrate his twelfth birthday next May. This year, with rumours of wars in the air, loyal subjects of the Spanish monarchy will congratulate themselves more than ever on the gradual improvement of the fragile little life in which their hopes are centred. Born before his mother, the present Queen Regent, had rallied from the shock of her

royal husband's death, King Alfonso XIII. seemed for long to have but a slender hold on life, but each year that is added to his record gives further promise of an eventual outgrowing of much of his constitutional delicacy. In spite of his slight physique, the youthful King is by no means insignificant, for a charming little dignity pervades his performance of his various royal duties. His appearances in public create a good deal of popular interest, and his gracious manner has won him the personal allegiance of all sorts and conditions of his subjects.

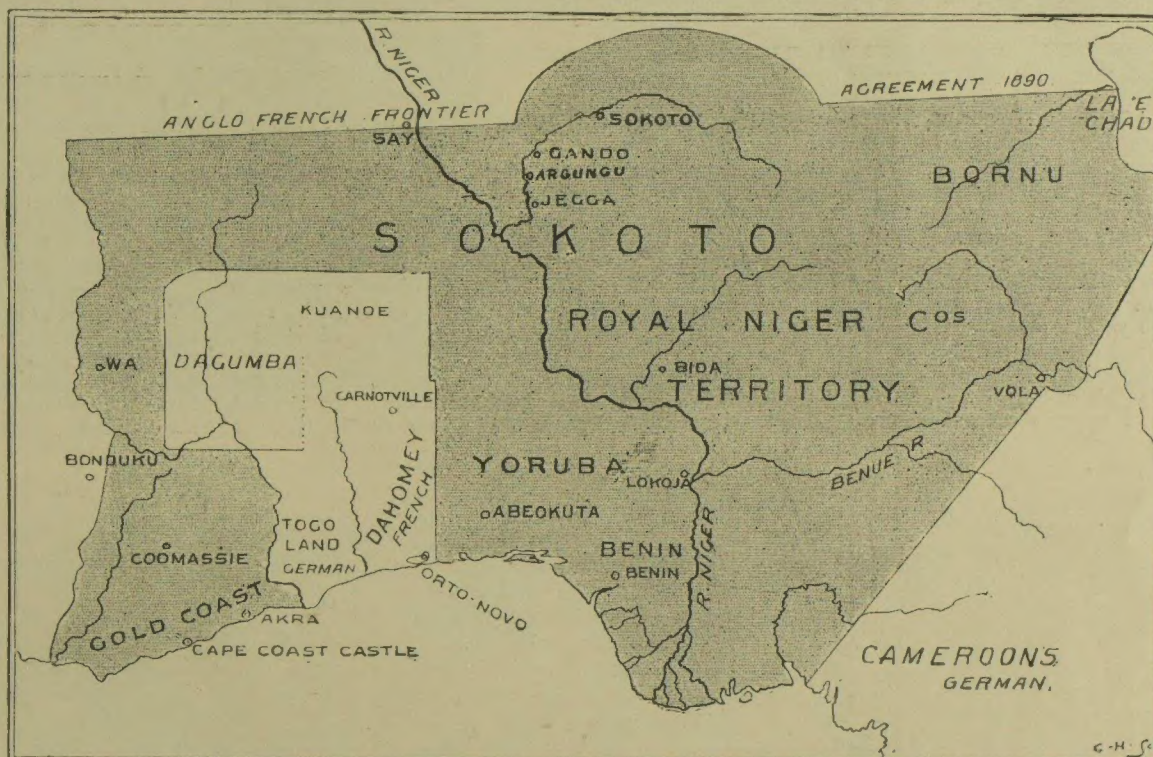
## NAVAL MOVEMENTS IN CHINESE SEAS.

An important development in the Chinese situation is now supplied by the news that a loan amounting to £16,000,000 is to be arranged with the Chinese Government by the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation and the German-Asiatic Bank. The Chinese Government has now agreed that the internal waterways of the country shall

be thrown open to British and other European vessels next summer, and has formally undertaken that no lease or cession of any Yang-tze territory shall be made to either of the Powers. The Germans are strengthening their position at Kiaochow, projecting harbour-works, fortifications, the working of coal-mines, and the construction of a railway to the southward of that port; while Prince Henry of Prussia, with his two war-ships, has left Colombo to cross the Indian Ocean and to enter the Chinese Seas. In the meantime, the British fleet, now under command of Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, is collected at Chusan, off the coast some hundred miles south of Shanghai; but on the opposite coasts of Corea, and at Port Hamilton, British cruisers actively move hither and thither to observe what is going on, and a great advantage has been secured by our Government in buying up all available stores of steam-coal for British naval use.

## FRENCH AGGRESSIONS IN WEST AFRICA.

Much excitement has prevailed since the news received on Friday last of French subaltern officers in command of detachments of negro soldiery pursuing a course of aggressive movements within the British territories of the interior, chiefly in the Borgu and Gambara countries to the north of Lagos, but also in the "Hinterland" or back country north of Ashanti and the Gold Coast, and even in the large native kingdom of Sokoto, beyond the left bank of the Niger, extending towards Lake Tchad. Lagos, which is by far the most important British commercial colony in West Africa, situated in the middle of the great Bight of Benin, and commanding to the eastward all the mouths or outlets of the Niger that give access to the interior, possesses a hinterland well defined by the international treaty of 1890, with a frontier separating it from the French territory, drawn straight northward from Porto Novo, as we have understood, to Say, on the Niger, including the Yoruba, Ilorin, Gambara, and Borgu native kingdoms subordinate to British supreme rule, all these being on the right bank or western side of the Niger. The French Colonial Government has denied that the Lagos Hinterland or the British sphere of control over the Lower Niger region includes those inland countries beyond the ninth degree of north latitude and west of the



THE FRENCH IN WEST AFRICA: MAP WITH SHADED PORTION DENOTING THE SPHERE OF BRITISH INFLUENCE.

Orogou River, where a bridge of lattice-work girders, with five fifty-foot spans and one hundred-foot span, was then nearly completed. Great enthusiasm was exhibited by the natives all along the route, large numbers of them beside the line cheering vociferously.

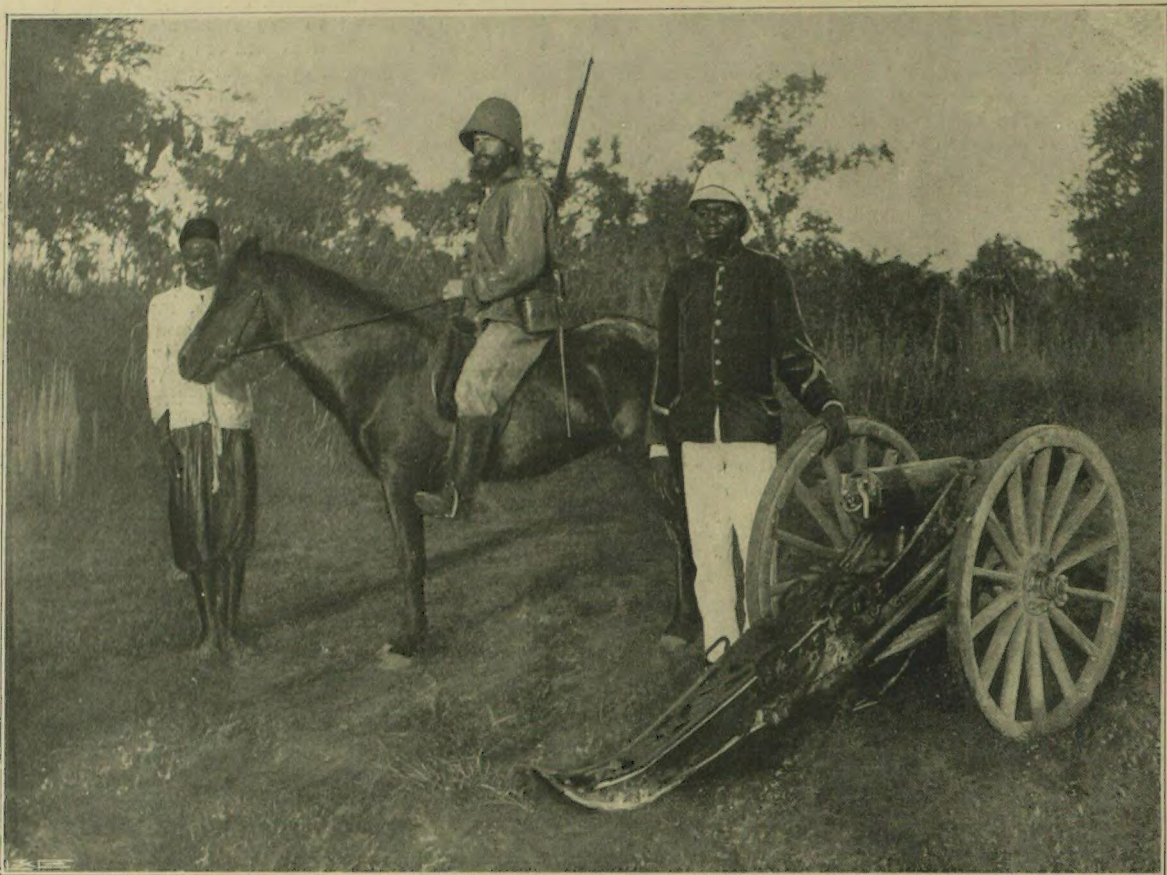
## OUR TWO SUPPLEMENTS.

## CANTERBURY CONVOCATION.

The sittings of the Canterbury Convocation last week were of more than usual interest, at least so far as the proceedings in the Upper House, or House of Bishops, were concerned. There was a time when nobody cared the proverbial brass farthing about what Convocation said or did; but of late years this has been changed, and the sittings of the two Houses in the handsome rooms provided for them at the Church House are watched with interest. The Lower House is open to the public, but the Bishops shut themselves off from the vulgar gaze. The Archbishop of Canterbury sits in what is called the seat of judgment, with the Bishop of London on his right and the Bishop of Winchester on his left. The other prelates occupy stalls round the room. His Grace the President is an excellent man of business, and last week he ran through the agenda paper with remarkable rapidity. Sir John Hassard read the Queen's reply to the Bishops' loyal Jubilee address with becoming solemnity, and then the Archbishop proceeded to speak in quick succession on such subjects as the Voluntary Schools Act, his own Suffragan Bishops Amendment Bill, the Government Church Patronage Bill, and that hardy annual the Reform of Convocation. The room shown in our Illustration is not the permanent meeting-place of the Upper House. A more spacious apartment is in preparation.

## THE KING OF SPAIN.

The numerous uses to which the art of lithography is applied are too well known to need description, but the characteristics of the stone required are so special, and its supply so limited, that the discovery of what is stated to be an unlimited quantity of this stone justifies our reference to it, and is of sufficient public importance for us to comment on the subject, and also to issue with this number a picture specially prepared by our own artists



A FRENCH SERGEANT OF SOUDANESE TIRAILLEURS AND HIS SERVANT  
WITH A WEST AFRICAN NATIVE OFFICER OF ARTILLERY



A FRENCH SERGEANT OF MARINE INFANTRY.

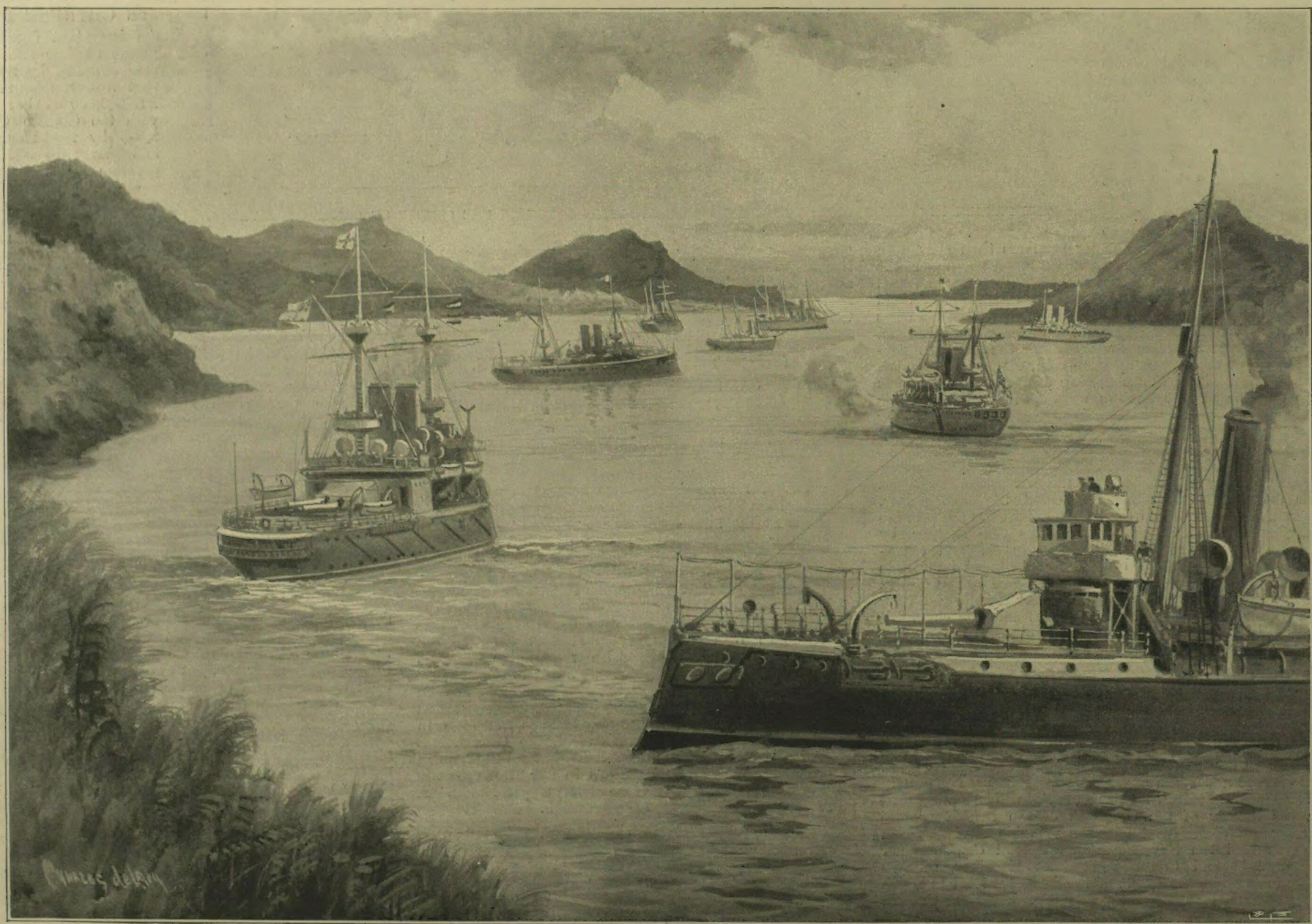
THE FRENCH AGGRESSIONS IN WEST AFRICA: TYPES OF FRENCH AND NATIVE SOLDIERY ENGAGED IN THE ADVANCE.

Niger French expeditions have thereupon been sent to occupy the native towns of Nikki, Boussa on the Niger, Kiamia, and Boria, at which last-mentioned place they have now met a party under British command, and have called upon it to haul down the British flag. This disagreeable incident, which was announced by Mr. Chamberlain last Friday night, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, took place on Feb. 9. There was a guard of Hausa soldiers, with a non-commissioned officer, at Boria, which had been there for three days, with the Bali or native local chief. A French officer with thirty Sengalese native soldiers in the French colonial services then arrived;

the removal of the flag was demanded, and was refused. After some parley, the French withdrew to an encampment three miles distant. We are likewise informed, by a telegram from Lieutenant-Colonel H. P. Northcott, the British Commissioner for the northern territories of the Gold Coast, that on Feb. 2, at Wae, a place to the north of Ashanti and Cape Coast Castle (in latitude 10 deg. N., very far within the limits of British territorial authority), the French Captain Codrilet, with about sixty native soldiers, advancing from Nussa, insisted upon establishing a post, notwithstanding the formal protest delivered by Captain Fortescue. Lastly, there is

a despatch from Lieutenant-Colonel Pilcher, commanding at Lokoja, the chief inland port on the Niger, dated Feb. 20, Sunday last, stating that four French officers, with a hundred men, have arrived at Argungu, on the eastern or right bank of that river, which belongs to Sokoto.

Since the arrival of this extremely grave intelligence, M. Hanotaux, French Minister for Foreign Affairs, has on behalf of his Government formally repudiated the action of the French aggressors, as far as Sokoto is concerned; but even granted that the advance was unauthorised, the French claims on Boussa and Nikki have yet to be dealt with, and the situation remains sufficiently serious.

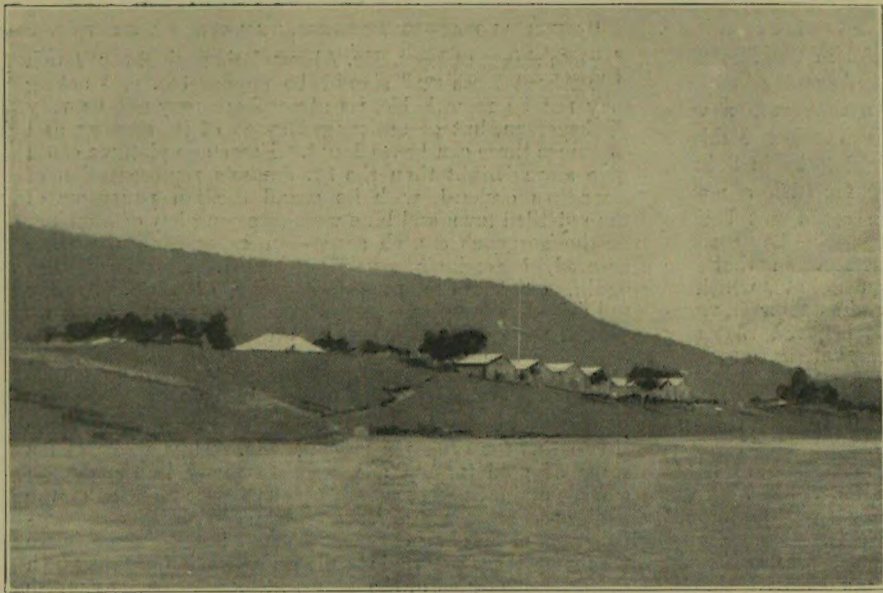


THE CHINESE QUESTION.—H.M.S. "CENTURION" AND H.M.S. "IPHIGENIA" JOINING THE BRITISH SQUADRON OFF PORT HAMILTON, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1897:  
SIGNAL BY SEMAPHORE—"THE ADMIRAL WISHES OFFICERS AND MEN A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

From a Sketch by Surgeon J. J. Jeans, R.N., H.M.S. "Immortalité."



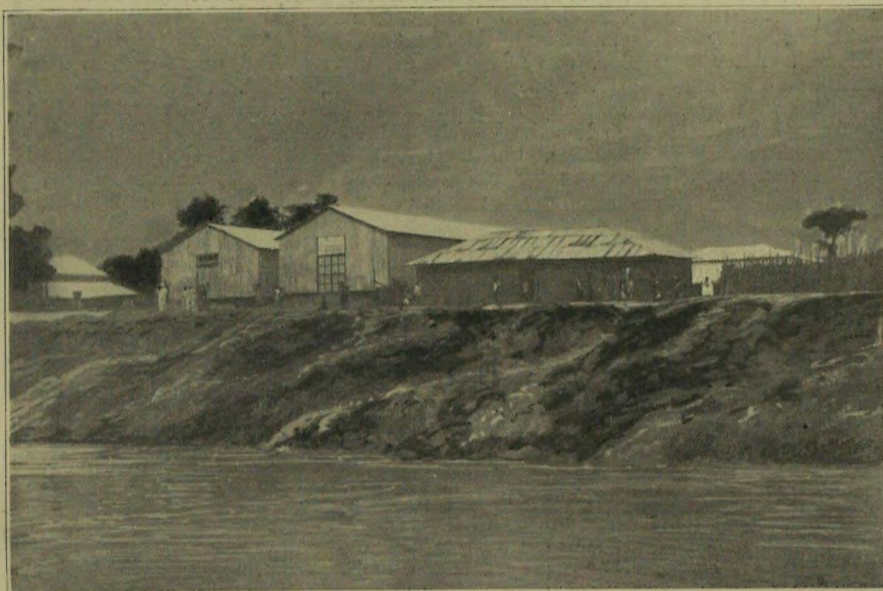
H.M. THE KING OF SPAIN. ALPHONSO XIII.



VIEW OF LOKOJA.



A STREET IN LOKOJA.



WHARF AT LOKOJA.



PROMINENT NATIVES IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE OF THE KING OF LOKOJA.



MISSION-HOUSES AT OUITSHA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY ON THE NIGER.



MARKETING AT A MISSION-HOUSE ON THE NIGER.



MEDICAL WORK ON THE NIGER UNDER THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



INDUSTRIAL WORK ON THE NIGER UNDER THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THE FRENCH AGGRESSIONS IN WEST AFRICA: SCENES IN THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY'S TERRITORY.

From Photographs by Dr. Charles F. Harford Battersby.

## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has this week come to London from Windsor, to hold the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace on Friday. Her Majesty stays in London from Thursday to Saturday, returning then to Windsor. The Queen on Saturday received the newly appointed Spanish Ambassador, Count de Rascon, who was presented to her Majesty by Lord Salisbury. The Prince of Wales visited the Queen on Friday; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their daughters, on Saturday; and on the same day the Duke and Duchess of York, with the infant Princes. Princess Louis of Battenberg has been staying with the Queen, who was also on Saturday rejoined by Princess Henry of Battenberg, from Osborne. The Marquis of Lorne was a visitor at Windsor Castle last week.

The Prince of Wales attended, as sponsor, the baptism of the infant son of the Earl and Countess of Albemarle on Feb. 16, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness next day, at Marlborough House, presided over the first meeting of the Royal Commissioners for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. On Friday evening the Prince occupied his seat in the House of Lords, after his return from Windsor. He was the guest of Mr. Arthur Sassoon, at Brighton, from Saturday to Monday, and having returned to London, held the Levée at St. James's Palace on Monday afternoon. The Duke of Connaught, the Duke of York, and Prince Christian were at the Levée.

A Cabinet Council of Ministers, the Marquis of Salisbury presiding, was held at the Foreign Office on Friday.

It has been resolved to provide a memorial of the late Duchess of Teck by establishing a "Home of Rest for Poor Women" in East London, for which purpose, on Feb. 16, a meeting was held at the Mansion House, Sir Whittaker Ellis in the chair. Lord Dufferin, Lady Burdett-Coutts, the Bishops of Rochester, Bristol, and Stepney, Lord Rookwood, and others, took part in the proceedings. A new wing is to be added to the Jews' Free School in Spitalfields, at a cost of £26,000, by a fund subscribed as a testimonial to Lord Rothschild, in recognition of his acts of social beneficence.

Resolutions have been addressed to Government complaining of the burden of local taxation upon landed property, or tithe-rent charge, the rental of which is devoted to the incomes of the clergy, as this is declared to be an injustice, seeing that their incomes are the remuneration for professional services.

An action was brought by Mr. Spokes, a shareholder in the Grosvenor Hotel Company, against three directors, the manager, and a tradesman, Mr. Drew, who supplied meat and other goods to that establishment, for a conspiracy to defraud the company by overcharging. It was tried, during nine days, by Mr. Justice Ridley and a special jury in the High Court. On Saturday a verdict for the plaintiff was returned, the jury finding that the conspiracy was proved.

The Army Estimates to be submitted to the House of Commons this Session provide for an addition of 16,000 men, chiefly to the Infantry of the Line, besides the 9000 whose enlistment was sanctioned last year, making a total increase of 25,000 within three years. The pay of infantry is to be increased, by relieving the soldier from stoppages, from ninepence to a shilling per day, and enlistment for three years is to be allowed, with an option of extending the service to seven years. The annual cost of carrying out these measures will be £1,500,000.

In the Cricklade Division of Wiltshire, at the nomination on Friday, Lord Evelyn was proposed as the Conservative candidate, and Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice as the Liberal. The result of the polling at the York City election, in favour of Lord Charles Beresford, being disputed, it has been ordered that the votes shall be recounted. The Pembroke election returned Mr. Wynford Phillips, the Liberal candidate, with 5070 votes against 3400 for the Hon. Hugh Campbell.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, accompanied by Mr. Henry Gladstone, arrived in London, on their return from Cannes, on Friday. They have gone to Bournemouth.

Sir Walter Besant, on Friday, gave a lecture on the life and character of King Alfred, at the Guildhall of Winchester, the Mayor presiding, in aid of the proposal to erect a monumental statue of that illustrious English ruler in the ancient capital of Wessex.

The store of theatrical properties, scene-paintings, flats, cloths, dresses, and other apparatus of the Lyceum Theatre, belonging to Sir Henry Irving, kept in the railway arches of the South-Eastern Company, in Bear Lane, Southwark, was entirely destroyed by fire early on Friday morning.

The British first-class battle-ship, the *Victorious*, which grounded outside of Port Said when about to enter the Suez Canal on her voyage to China, was towed off and got afloat on Friday by another steamer, and is said to have sustained no damage; she is now in harbour at Port Said.

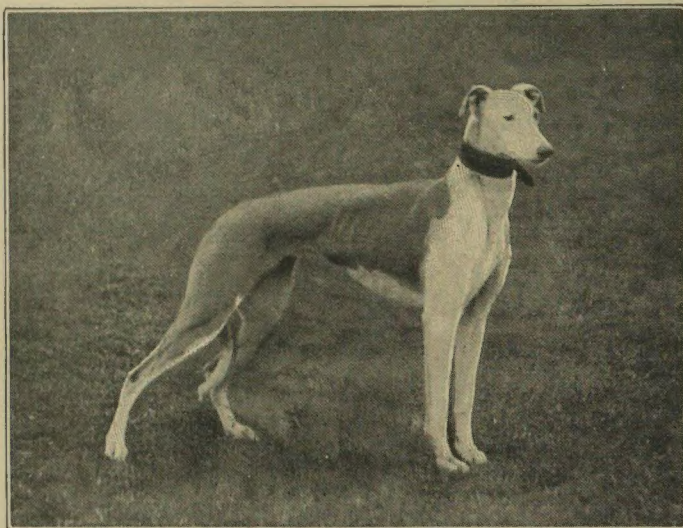
The French Transatlantic Company's steam-ship *Flachat* was wrecked on the night of Feb. 15, off Anagra Point, near Teneriffe, on the voyage from Marseilles to Central America. About forty of the crew and as many passengers were drowned.

A colliery explosion at Hamme, in Germany, last week, lost the lives of a hundred and twenty-two men.

At Wyborg, on the coast of the Gulf of Finland, two hundred fishermen were upon an ice-floe drying their nets on Feb. 16, when the ice suddenly moved out to sea and drifted westward, carrying the men with it. They were happily rescued a day or two afterwards and were safely brought ashore.

## PARLIAMENT.

Lord Salisbury has greatly relieved the tension of feeling about affairs in West Africa. He read in the House of Lords a despatch from the British Ambassador in Paris, Sir Edmund Monson, who reported a conversation with M. Hanotaux, in which the French Foreign Minister admitted that the French had no right to be in Sokoto. M. Hanotaux declared that no order for such a movement had been issued, and that he could not believe the report of the French advance to be correct. The Colonial Office has received information that the French have actually marched upon Sokoto, which is absolutely beyond all the territorial claims their Government have put forward. It is not believed that any collision will happen, but M. Hanotaux will have to keep an eye on the French subalterns who are roaming about West Africa, ordering British commanders to haul down the Union Jack. Irish affairs have assumed a most original position in the House of Commons. To begin with, Mr. Dillon moved an Amendment to the Address, and this aroused the sympathies of Mr. Balfour. Mr. Dillon wants an endowed Catholic University in Dublin, and Mr. Balfour would be glad to give it. Mr. Morley and Mr. Courtney supported the idea, while Colonel Sanderson and Mr. William Johnston declared that it would ruin the Unionist cause in Ulster, and the English and Welsh Nonconformists on the Liberal side denounced it strongly. In this state of party feeling the Government will probably reserve any scheme for a Catholic University for an indefinite period. But it is none the less remarkable that the English Unionist leaders join with Mr. Morley and the Nationalists in approval of the proposal. After this came the new Irish Local Government Bill, on account of which Mr. Gerald Balfour was overwhelmed with felicitations on all sides, Mr. Healy being specially enthusiastic. The Bill will assimilate Irish local government to that of England and Scotland in many essentials: there will be county and district councils, but no parish councils. The county councils will control the lunatic asylums, but not the police. Half the poor-rates will be remitted for the benefit of the landlords, and half the



WILD NIGHT, WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP.

county cess for the benefit of the occupiers. One thing the Bill does not touch is the Local Government Board in Dublin, which is rather out of harmony with the new plan. But the *ex-officio* guardians are to be abolished, and the system of election for the local assemblies made absolutely popular. There will be much discussion of the financial provisions, but, on the whole, the Bill is welcomed as broad and generous.

## THE WATERLOO CUP.

The deciding course in the Waterloo Cup was this year contested by a couple of dogs which on the night of the draw were considered to have only remote chances, and rightly so, seeing that the ultimate winner was a third string! The first round of the Cup was notable for the number of favourites that were knocked out; in fact, the bowling over of the fancied ones was the chief characteristic of all the stages. In the first round Wild Night, the ultimate winner, beat Cissy Smith, who subsequently showed how good the form was by getting into the final of the Purse, where she succumbed to Real Turk. In the second round Mr. Hardy's bitch beat Bella Dobson; at the next attempt she beat a hot favourite in Faber Fortune, who was looked upon as certain to pull through. The fourth round saw Wild Night triumphant over another good animal, Under the Globe, which had shown smart form in previous courses, and the semi-final was added at the expense of Chock, who had run well at previous attempts. Had Lang Syne been sound odds would probably have been laid on him to beat Wild Night in the final; but he was very lame, and Wild Night started favourite. He justified the confidence, but the Duke of Leeds' dog had hard luck, for after leading a length and a half for the first point the hare whipped back from the turn, and after that, despite game efforts, Wild Night proved the better at the kill. Wild Night is not up to the standard of former bitches that have won the Cup, but she displayed good form all through, and the victory was deserved. She gave great promise at Massarene Park in 1896, and confirmed it later on at Altcar, when she was unlucky to be beaten in the final for the Croxteth Stakes by Metronome. She weighs about 49 lb., and is by Freshman from Fine Night by Herschel; so she is splendidly bred. She was bought in a batch of four from Mr. Waters which cost Mr. Hardy £800.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

For one thing, at least, Mr. Alexander's revival of "Much ADO About Nothing" should be memorable. Its acting may not be remarkable, its atmosphere may not be very Shakspearean, but of the magnificence of its scenery and costumes there can be no doubt. Few stage pictures could give more delight than the St. James's representation of Leonato's orchard, with its grand Sicilian panorama of the red-tiled town and blue wide-sweeping bay of Messina, or the gorgeous church scene—an exact replica, we are assured, of Messina's beautiful cathedral. And the dresses, again, exhibit the utmost delicacy of taste. Among individual examples, Hero's wedding-gown, with its hanging sleeves, copied from an extant design at the British Museum, and Benedick's fine suit of crimson, slashed with black, stamp themselves upon the memory with peculiar vividness. But as a rule the marked feature of the colour scheme consists in the artful variation on some single tint for each particular scene. Thus white and a tinge of gold formed a perfect harmony in the church episode and a fit setting for the one tragic moment of the bard's preposterous story. But when, after a brief acknowledgment of the charm of Mr. German's incidental music, we pass from these externals to the consideration of that much more serious concern, the play's interpretation, our praise can hardly be so uniform. With perhaps a few exceptions, there is scarcely any performance of arresting importance. Mr. Fred Terry's Don Pedro—a character for once set in high relief—has a rollicking gaiety and breezy good-nature essential to the part, and not hitherto sufficiently emphasised. Here is the cleverest bit of stage portraiture Mr. Terry has yet given us. And graceful Miss Fay Davis, alternately arch and pathetic, is just the tender, womanly Hero of Shakspeare's imagination. We liked no less the boyish and earnest Claudio of Mr. Robert Loraine, the impressive Leonato of that sound and practised veteran, Mr. W. H. Vernon, and the luridly melodramatic villain of Mr. H. B. Irving. But at this point unstinted eulogy must end. For Messrs. H. H. Vincent and H. V. Esmond made next to nothing of the humours of Dogberry and Verges, and we must confess to a disappointment with the central figures of the comedy.

Miss Julia Neilson's Beatrice, indeed, is little better than a failure. Dreadfully anxious though this actress is to be sprightly and vivacious, she has neither humour nor individuality. At one time she mimicked Ellen Terry (our only Beatrice); at another, Ada Rehan; never was she natural and spontaneous. Her method is deplorably artificial and mannered. Mr. Alexander's Benedick, on the other hand, was a far more thoughtful and finished assumption; but he was so desperately desirous of being amusing that he over-emphasised all his points, and reduced the comedy to the level of farce. In other respects his conception of Benedick is at fault, for he sketches him rather as the professional lover than as the avowed woman-hater. Still, the actor-manager's own winning personality, the undeniable beauty of this particular Beatrice, and the scenic splendour of the production will probably secure for it a long spell of popular favour.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE LYCEUM.

At this time of day it were superfluous to analyse in any detail the famous Lyceum version of "The Merchant of Venice." Ellen Terry's delightful Portia and Henry Irving's grim Shylock are well-nigh classical impersonations, and any criticism of either rendering is little short of futile. It is possible to maintain, and we maintain, that Miss Terry's delivery of the "Mercy" speech, delicately pointed as it is, sinks far too much to the conversational level, and that this engaging Portia is far more happy in her encounters with Bassanio than in her pleadings with Shylock. But then everyone admits that the great Lyceum actress has comic rather than tragic gifts—is Beatrice incarnate but Portia only in imagination. And Sir Henry Irving's Shylock, we all know, is greater in conception than in execution. He suggests rather than reveals the pathos of this grand figure of tragedy; he is an intellectual rather than an emotional player. Sir Henry's actual display of feeling is apt to degenerate into impotent ravings and strange mannerisms. But where passion is in the air, where the actor can indicate by pantomime and facial display the conflicting emotions of his soul, where, too, sardonic humour possesses the character, then is the Lyceum chief inimitable, and, as in the passage with Tubal, or in the final exit from the trial scene, irresistibly impressive. Happily the principals are well supported. An amiable Bassanio in Mr. Frank Cooper, a satisfactory Lorenzo in Mr. Cooper Cliffe, a dainty Jessica in Miss Ray Bockman, a droll Launcelot Gobbo in Mr. Norman Forbes, and a sympathetic Antonio in Mr. Macklin, to say nothing of the capable work of Miss Milton, Mr. Ben Webster, and Mr. Fuller Mellish, all help to distinguish a notable and welcome revival.

It was noted that all four members of the two Houses of the Legislature who moved and seconded the Address at the opening of this Session had been Eton boys. London University cannot claim any coincidence so conclusive as that in testimony of its powers to prepare and produce politicians. But it has had its own triumphs; the late Sir James Stansfeld, for instance, was one of its graduates, and two others who have reached Cabinet rank are Lord Llandaff and Lord Herschell.

Sir Benjamin Baker is likely to enrol his name among the great engineers who have conferred lasting benefit on the world. The scheme for making reservoirs on the Nile, so as to irrigate what is now desert land in the hottest season, is a magnificent conception. It means the construction of a colossal dam, which will be one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. Such a monument of genius and industry ought to rival the Pyramids, which are useless, and cause the Sphinx to sink finally into the sands in jealous despair!

## PERSONAL.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the owner of Alton Towers, which is described this week in our series of "English Homes," is the twentieth Earl of his line, and is the premier Earl in the Peerages of both England and Ireland. The predecessor who built Alton Towers and other beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture in the vicinity, is still known to local tradition as "the good Earl," and a portrait of him by Mr. Watts, R.A., is one of the finest specimens of that master's handiwork. The present Earl, who is thirty-eight years of age, succeeded to the title and estates when he was seventeen and at Eton. He is devoted to sport, and the Londoner owes him much as a pioneer of hansom reform.

Mr. Frank Lowe is a solicitor, and president of the Conservative Association in Birmingham, a town he has now gone to Parliament to represent as member for the Edgbaston Division. Born in 1852, he became in due course a partner in his father's legal firm, and early entered into civic life as a member of the Town Council. One of the new member's political recollections is that of having been one of the body-guard of Lord Randolph Churchill at the riots preceding the election of 1885. Mr. Lowe would have gone to Parliament in 1886, but that the East Birmingham seat was desired for Mr. Henry Matthews; and when he contested a Leicestershire division in 1892 he was defeated. All his past labours may be considered to have their compensation, however, now that he has been returned to Parliament unopposed as the successor of Mr. George Dixon.

Our portraits include two of the officers whose names have lately become prominent in connection with the trouble in West Africa. Major Northcott, who is in command of the British forces in the Gold Coast Hinterland, took up his duties only in November last. The troops under his command number some fifteen hundred men of the Gold Coast Hausas, about half of the 2nd West India Regiment, and a body of Fantee police. This force is now to be strongly augmented. Major Lowry Cole, of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, sailed from Liverpool on Saturday last, accompanied by five other officers and thirty non-commissioned officers, bound for Lokoja. It is understood that Major Cole and his companions will undertake the important and very necessary duty of drilling native recruits, who are to be formed into two new West African regiments, each some thousand strong.

M. Hanotaux is unquestionably the ablest Foreign Minister France has had in our time. He began life as a student of Cardinal Richelieu, whose long-forgotten "Maxims" he had the good fortune to discover hidden away in the Bibliothèque Nationale. M. Hanotaux spent some time in the Ministry of War in various capacities, observing much and saying little. When he was made head of the department, the Chamber felt that it had at last a Minister who knew the whole range of foreign affairs, and could tell the exact position of every French possession without looking at the map. As the deputies are not strong in geography, this gave M. Hanotaux an unusual measure of public confidence, which has gone on growing ever since. He has certainly managed the foreign affairs of France with conspicuous success, and this admission is only fair at a moment when the conflict between British and French claims in West Africa is in an acute stage. One thing may be taken for granted. M. Hanotaux is no Emile Ollivier, and would never make war with "a light heart." On the contrary, he is an extremely dispassionate, clear-headed, and prudent man.

Miss Frances Elizabeth Willard has died in New York from influenza and its complications. Born in 1839, in New York State, the descendant of Pilgrim Fathers from our county of Kent, her father, originally a farmer, was afterwards a banker in Chicago. Miss Frances Willard became a teacher, and a long journey she undertook throughout Europe included a stay in Paris, where she made serious studies, and, returning home, she took the presidency of an Illinois Women's College. When, in 1873, the "Whisky War" began, and women wept and prayed and sang hymns at the doors of public-houses, Miss Willard was attached to the movement, which resulted in the establishing of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, of which she became president. Her work in that connection is well known even in this country, which she often visited, and in which she found in Lady Henry Somerset a devoted fellow-worker.

The Right Hon. Sir James Stansfeld, G.C.B., who died at the end of last week at Rotherfield, Sussex, was a

the great purpose of his later years; and he was so much of a one-idea man as to be omitted from the Gladstone Administration of 1880. Six years later his motion for the repeal of those Acts was carried without a division. His adhesion to Home Rule brought him again into office as President of the Local Government Board, but he retired from political life in 1895.

The late Bishop of Bedford (Dr. Billing) had since 1895 lived in retirement, broken down in mind and in body; but his name will not soon be forgotten in East London. He was the son of a schoolmaster parson, and was born in 1834. After a short and somewhat lively career at Oxford he graduated in 1857, and was ordained in the same year. He held curacies at Colchester and Compton Bishop, was an Association Secretary for the Church Missionary Society, and then Vicar of Holy Trinity, Louth. He came to London as vicar of a Barnsbury church, Holy Trinity, Cloudeley Square, but it was as Rector of Spitalfields, to which he went in 1878, that he made his name. The dingy rectory under the shadow of the fine church became the scene of countless activities. He and his helpers were at work almost every hour out of the twenty-four, often spending the greater part of the night in the streets in search of outcast and homeless poor. It was a romantic and stirring life, but it broke up even his iron constitution, sustained as it was by a buoyant and even jovial spirit. In 1888 he succeeded Bishop Walsham How as Bishop-Suffragan of Bedford, with the care of East and North-East London. He was a popular and successful, because active and impartial, Bishop; but his health gradually gave way again, and in 1895 formal retirement became necessary. The Bishop went to live at Englefield Green, where his growing infirmity was tenderly watched over by his wife and his only daughter. He died on Sunday last, Feb. 20.

Major Thomas Jenner Spitty, of Billericay, who has died at the age of eighty-six, was the senior Justice of the Peace for the county of Essex. He became a Captain in the East Essex Militia in 1834, and Major commanding the Essex Rifles in 1854. In 1881 he was High Sheriff of the county, and for a long time discharged the duties of chairman of the Finance Committee of Quarter Sessions, and also of chairman of the Great Burstead School Board. He married, in 1863, Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. William Carter, of Billericay, but leaves no issue. He was a large landowner, who cheerfully made substantial reductions to tenants in

years of depression, and his activities as a sportsman included the keeping of a pack of beagles.

Mrs. Goschen, whose death took place at Seacox Heath, Sussex, on Monday, had for some time suffered from an internal complaint, but it was not until two days before her death that her situation was considered critical. A woman of political interests and wide capacity, she entered into her husband's career with much sympathy and zest. A daughter of Mr. John Dalley, her married life has been a long one, of more than forty years' duration, and she leaves a large family, of whom the eldest is Mr. George Goschen, jun., M.P.

It may be hoped that Maitre Labori will not be injured in French opinion by the fact that amongst his warmest admirers are the members of the English Bar. When the Lord Chancellor, speaking at the dinner of the Hardwicke Society, pointedly alluded to lawyers in foreign countries who maintained their independence at all hazards, the audience broke into enthusiastic cheers for the great French advocate. The English Bar is not an emotional body, and this spontaneous tribute is perhaps the most remarkable illustration of the effect of the Zola trial in England.

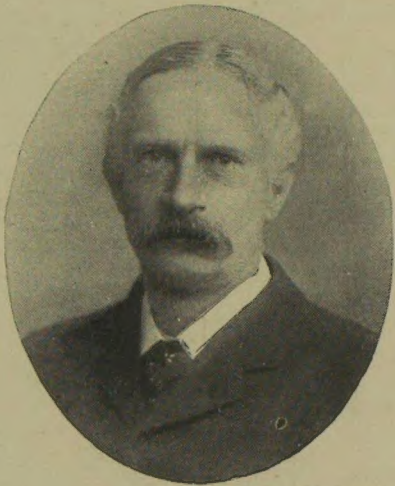


Photo Whitlock, Birmingham.  
MR. F. W. LOWE, M.P.



M. HANOTAUX,  
French Minister for Foreign Affairs.



Photo T. Gibson, Grosvenor Street.  
THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

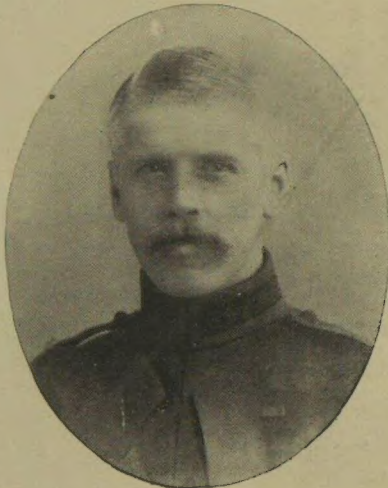


Photo Loz and Whitfield, Ealing.  
MAJOR NORTHCOTT,  
Commanding the British Forces in the Gold Coast Hinterland.



Photo Alice Hughes, Gower Street.  
THE LATE MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.



Photo Elliott and Fry.  
MAJOR LOWRY COLE,  
On the Way to West Africa.



Photo Russell.  
THE LATE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.



Photo Lombardi, Pall Mall.  
THE LATE SIR JAMES STANSFELD.



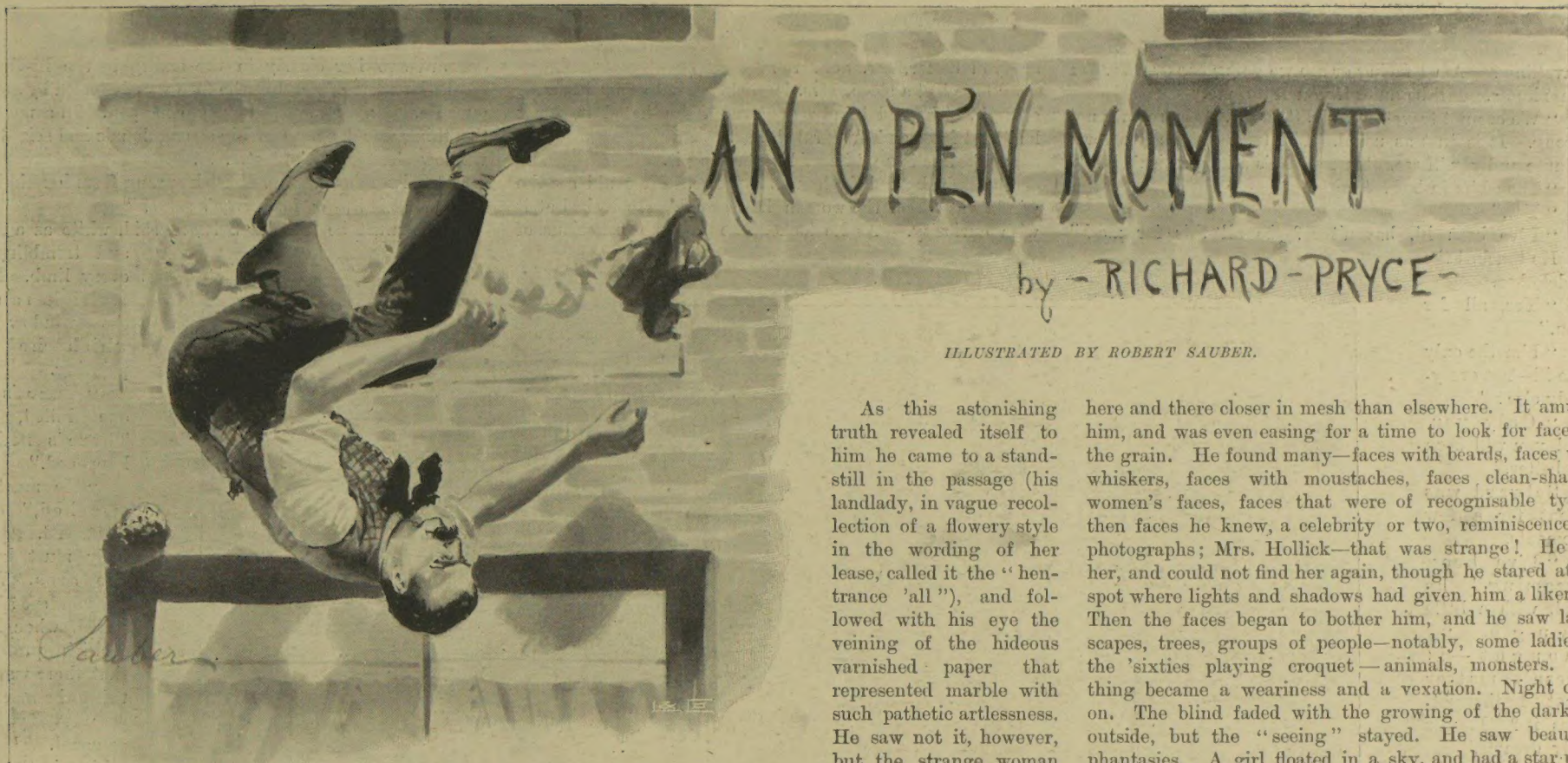
Photo Spalding, Chelmsford.  
THE LATE MAJOR SPITTY.

member of a Yorkshire Nonconformist family, his father being first a solicitor and afterwards a County Court Judge at Halifax. Born in 1820, Sir James was the only son, but he had several sisters, one of whom became the wife of Mr. George Dixon, M.P., of Birmingham. He himself married Caroline, daughter of W. H. Ashurst, the well-known solicitor and Radical; and, after being called to the Bar in 1849, he followed the course of politics, including Italian and French politics, and went to Parliament in 1859 as the representative of his native Halifax—holding the seat for thirty-six years. The Tibaldi conspiracy brought with it certain complications; for incriminating letters to Mazzini were proved to have been written in the house of Stansfeld, who consequently resigned the Junior Lordship of the Admiralty given him by Lord Palmerston in 1863.

Three years later, when Lord John Russell became Premier, Stansfeld again entered the Government as Under-Secretary of State for War. Later, under Mr. Gladstone, he served in various posts, including that of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and, finally, that of first President of the Local Government Board. The repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts became, however,



"THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH."—THE WELSH CHOIR SINGING BEFORE THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.



# AN OPEN MOMENT

by RICHARD PRYCE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SAUBER.

As this astonishing truth revealed itself to him he came to a standstill in the passage (his landlady, in vague recollection of a flowery style in the wording of her lease, called it the "hen-trance 'all'"), and followed with his eye the veining of the hideous varnished paper that represented marble with such pathetic artlessness. He saw not it, however, but the strange woman who was now hurrying down the street. The fact

here and there closer in mesh than elsewhere. It amused him, and was even easing for a time to look for faces in the grain. He found many—faces with beards, faces with whiskers, faces with moustaches, faces clean-shaven, women's faces, faces that were of recognisable types; then faces he knew, a celebrity or two, reminiscences of photographs; Mrs. Hollick—that was strange! He lost her, and could not find her again, though he stared at the spot where lights and shadows had given him a likeness. Then the faces began to bother him, and he saw landscapes, trees, groups of people—notably, some ladies of the 'sixties playing croquet—animals, monsters. The thing became a weariness and a vexation. Night came on. The blind faded with the growing of the darkness outside, but the "seeing" stayed. He saw beautiful phantasies. A girl floated in a sky, and had a star upon her forehead. A peri sprinkled golden rose-petals in the air, and a breeze wafted them softly hither and thither. Some fell with a gentle sound upon the coverlet.

The nurse was bending over him to see if he slept.

"No," he murmured. "They won't let me."

"Who won't let you?"

"The people."

"What people?"

He opened his eyes more widely.

"I'm talking nonsense, I believe," He paused and smiled. "There's no one there really I know, but I see people."

"Never mind them, Mr. Selward. Take this. You ought to have had it a quarter of an hour ago, but you were quiet, and I thought it would be a pity to disturb you."

"I wasn't quiet inside my head," the patient said vaguely. What a long time it was since he had been really quiet—since he had had any rest! How nice it would be to rest! Ah, the weary tossing was beginning once more. His pillow—would the nurse turn it for him? He was so sorry to be troublesome. Poor nurse, she must be so tired. How tired he was! If he could sleep! The people would not let him. It was the faces of women that he saw now. They were all beautiful—some radiantly beautiful. They leaned over balconies as at some pageant. They had most of them long eyes, and delicate skins with exquisite tints, and their lips were all rose-red. They caught the eye, and they always smiled and showed a crescent of white and even teeth. How beautiful they were! He saw each one singly. She replaced the last, as slides oust each other in a magic-lantern. But every one—flaxen princess, raven gipsy, or red-haired peasant—had time to smile before her place was taken. The beautiful smile was fatiguing. The beauty itself of the faces exhausted him. He shut his eyes and tried to think of nothing. Oh, he was so tired . . . and so thirsty. He must ask for something to drink. The nurse rose at once and held the glass to his hot lips.

"You haven't slept?"

"Not yet. You must be worn out. I am so sorry."

She silenced him with a gentle smile and a word or two. Her smile was tranquil and quite different. . . .

She stood for a few moments with her cool hand upon his forehead.

"Go to sleep," she whispered softly.

Presently she returned silently to her chair. He was dozing. He woke with a cry and some incoherent words.

"Her legs were only two inches long," he said. "I tell you I saw her. Her feet grew out of her body like a turtle's flaps. Let me go, please; I can't stop here. Why do you hold me? I don't know you."

"Lie down, Mr. Selward. You'll catch cold if you pull the clothes off your chest. Do as I tell you—lie down."

With some considerable strength she forced him back on to the pillows.

"But I saw her, and she had a square chest and big arms."

"Never mind. She won't come near you."

"It isn't that!" he said scornfully. "As if I should mind that. It's on her account. It must be so dreadful, mustn't it?"

"Yes, very. But don't think of her now."

"I must, because, you see, there was no one else in the street. It was before you came. Oh, I must sit up for a minute."

SOMETHING in the behaviour, possibly also in the appearance, of a woman coming up the street arrested John Selward's attention. He was approaching his own door and was not in a particularly receptive mood, for a sense of the nearer recurrence of those slight fits of shivering which had been troubling him all day warned him uncomfortably that he was not in his normal health.

The woman had turned the corner out of the adjoining thoroughfare, had halted with what can only be described as a jerk, and hurried across the road in a spasmodic way that, somehow, as he thought the matter over afterwards, conveyed to Selward the impression that a recognition of her whereabouts had occasioned her a sudden shock. So might one start who, wandering heedlessly in an unknown city, sees that an unnoted turn or two has brought him to dark byways where lurks the assassin's knife. Explorers in an Eastern town may have come to as dead a pause, followed by as palsied a run, when their zeal for research has taken them unwittingly into the heart of a leper quarter. Akin to such manifestation of nerve-panic is the muscular twitch of a sleep-walker awakened in unfamiliar places.

But it was acquaintance with the street and not any strangeness of her surroundings that had startled the woman, or Selward was mistaken. He scrutinised her as the little distance lessened between her and himself.

She was a small woman, or to be more accurate, she was short of stature, but of a sturdy and very solid build. It was, perhaps, for her lack of proportion that Selward had observed her at the moment that her convulsive movements had attracted his notice. The trunk (no other word would suggest itself to designate that part of her which was neither head nor limbs) was thick and heavy to ungainliness. Her legs began surprisingly near the ground. Her feet, in walking, had an inward bend. The strength of her arms, however, in the sleeves of her cloth coat insisted on recognition. She was big-boned, one knew, and of tough muscle. She was respectably dressed in black.

As she stepped on to the pavement down which Selward, the only other foot passenger at that end of the street, was walking, her composure again struck him as odd. But she was only looking up at a certain window in a house on the other side of the road. This house was exactly opposite that in which Selward lived. He was close beside her then, and he saw more narrowly the strangeness of her aspect. He could not have told why the conviction grew with him that it was against her will that her eyes were drawn to the window at which she was gazing. There was in the look of them that which was at once apprehensive and enthralled. He thought, too, that she shuddered. She was almost in the act of passing him when she became conscious of his presence. Her mien changed, and in the space of a fraction of a second went through a series of subtle and minute phases which culminated in an expression of frank aggrievance. Perhaps Selward had, indeed, been staring too openly; perhaps, also, his interest or his curiosity was written too plainly upon his face. Be this as it may, he recovered his balance and let himself into the house with his latch-key. As he did so, he saw, without turning his head, that the woman, with a somewhat quickened pace, continued her way up the street.

Then, for the first time (in retrospect, forsooth!), and with a feeling of keenest surprise, so improbable did the thing seem, he became aware that her face was very pretty.

that she was pretty made the deformity or injury a jest of the gods that might call for mirth, and was sorry enough for tears.

He was shivering again. Cold water was running down his back. He hoped he was not going to be ill. In an hour he knew that he was, and when he had tried unavailingly to eat some dinner, he gave in and went to bed.

Thither at about nine o'clock his landlady, a motherly person, who, as she often told him proudly, was experienced in the sick-room (having buried four *besides* the two she had "rared"), brought him, at her own prescription, a glass of whisky and water, hot and strong.

"You've got a chill, Mr. Selward, and well I know them. You've not looked yourself this week, as, indeed, it was only this afternoon I passed the remark. Drink this down, like a good gentleman, and perhaps we shall have you well an' 'earty be mornin'."

Selward, whose teeth were chattering, did as he was bidden. Mrs. Hollick withdrew after many last words and a promise that she would look in "first thing," which she might do, she said, with perfect propriety, "being a married lady—let alone a mother"; and then began the wretched night. He tossed and turned in fever. The stranger was forgotten. That his temples throbbed, and that he could not rest were matters of more insistent gravity than that a woman had acted strangely, and that she has a misshapen body and a pretty face. At dawn he fell asleep.

When he woke Mrs. Hollick was entering the room on creaking tiptoe. Selward was weary and unrefreshed.

"H'm, we've got to take care of you, Sir, that's clear. 'Ead aches, I dare say. If I might feel the pulse . . . It's quick, Mr. Selward, very quick. You'll keep your bed, Sir, as I needn't tell you, and if the office wants a telegram the girl shall take it."

The message was dictated and despatched.

"You don't feel like eatin' much, Sir, I dare say," said Mrs. Hollick, after a temporary absence from the room. "I've seen a deal of sickness, and I know. But we're not going to 'ave you let your strength run down. It is but dry toast, an' a spot of tea. You'll be better when you've broken fast, Sir."

And so John Selward felt. But towards evening his restlessness returned. Mrs. Hollick broached the subject of a doctor. Selward declared that his indisposition was nothing, and that a day or two would see him well. Mrs. Hollick visited his room in the night, and was not reassured by his condition. In the morning she sent for a doctor ("unknown," as she explained to him outside the door of the sick-room on his arrival), with the result that a nurse was installed in her "second floor back" in the course of the same day.

Selward was resignedly acquiescent. He admitted himself the wisdom of the fiat when a third night of exhausting restlessness found his tongue parched and his pillow burning. With the best will in the world, he could not keep still, and the fresh, cool, gentle, and responsible young woman in the cap and apron spent the hours ministering to his wants. Mrs. Hollick relieved her in the morning, and talked soothingly to her weary young lodger as to a child.

It was towards afternoon of that day that Selward began to see pictures in the red calico blind. It had been pulled down to keep the light from his eyes as he lay facing the window. The calico was very coarse, and was

"Why?"

"The room's all wrong. Here's the wall here. It ought to be there, oughtn't it, where the fireplace is? It used to be. And the door's wrong too. It isn't generally there. I can't make out where I am. Which way are we travelling? Am I facing or are we going backwards? I must know. I'll be quiet if you'll tell me."

"We are not travelling, Mr. Selward. The room's not wrong. It is just as usual. I'll turn up the gas for a minute and you'll see. There! It's all right, isn't it?"

"Then I'm in bed?"

"Yes."

"I've been ill, haven't I? Is all this for me?"

He touched the bedclothes.

"Yes, all for you."

"I'm the only one ill—not everybody else?"

"Only you, and you will soon be better."

Selward was silent for a few moments.

"I've been dreaming," he said, with a little laugh. "I thought—it doesn't matter what I thought, does it? It was only dreams."

"Yes, only dreams," said the nurse.

She laughed too.

"Now you are yourself again, aren't you? I may turn the light down, and you will try to get some more sleep?"

"That sort of sleep doesn't rest one much. I feel as if I had been running miles. I think I was running somewhere when I woke. Oh, yes, I remember—I was trying to help the strange woman to get away. They were after her, and she could not keep up because her legs were so short, and I had to pull her along by the hand. How funny! Yes, put the gas down. I don't think I'll try to go to sleep just yet."

"Very well," said the nurse. "Call me for anything you want. Don't hesitate—however often you want your pillows turned. You know I'm here to look after you."

"You are very good to me," said Selward.

Then he lay still. It was very difficult to do this. But he philosophised a little: no change of position really gave him ease. Then why not lie still? O—h! He would try. . . . What a demon of unrest possessed him! How he was suffering! Yet he was in no pain. There were tens of thousands, as he lay there in mere discomfort, who were racked with physical anguish—hundreds within a radius of a few miles. How horrible that knowledge was! The world was groaning in agony of labour. Beasts shared the tortures of humanity. A sob broke from his lips.

The nurse was nodding in her chair. He was glad she did not hear him. Ah, to sleep without dreams! What used it to be like to be well? He could not remember. How ill was he? he wondered. Suppose he died. That would be rest, perhaps. He looked death in the face, and felt no special fear. He was saying some prayers of his childhood when he fell into slumber.

He dozed for a time, and then opened his eyes. Mrs. Hollick, in a pink flannel jacket, was sitting beside him.

"What time is it?"

"Oh, you're awake, Sir. It's nearly eight o'clock. Just a sup of milk you was to take. That's right. And are you better, Mr. Selward?"

"I've had a sleep, Mrs. Hollick." That seemed answer enough. The red blind was down. John hated it, for it had held faces and dreadful things.

"I'd like it up," he said, indicating it.

Sunlight bathed the houses opposite. He could see the window at which the woman had gazed. He looked at it with curiosity. As he looked, he became conscious of

to his feet on the narrow ledge. He was holding with one hand to the wood-work of the sash now and plying the wet sponge. How long he had been so employed Selward did not know, when he (the watcher) became aware that someone else had entered the room—a woman—the woman. Selward saw her clearly in the sunlight—the ill-shaped form, the pretty face; but the face was distorted by an evil purpose. Something was going to happen. In a moment the thing was done. Her big strong hands had seized the window-cleaner by the feet. . . .

At Selward's cry Mrs. Hollick sprang from her chair.

"What is it, Sir, for 'eaven's sake?"

"He must be killed," Selward said, white as a sheet and trembling in every limb. Mrs. Hollick ran to the window to which he was pointing.

"There's no one killed, Sir. There's nothing happened."

"He must be smashed," cried Selward. "His body must be in the area. What do you see?" he asked, when Mrs. Hollick protested that there was nothing the matter.

"Everything as usual. They're taking in the milk opposite. What did you fancy, Sir?"

"A man was cleaning that window. He'd have been smashed—"

"Lor', Sir, how did you know about it? It was long before you come to lodge with me, and I don't remember as I've ever told you of it, but perhaps I have and forgot it."

"What?"

Selward was recovering himself little by little.

"Why, about the man as fell from that very window. It's six years ago now, it must be. He was cleanin' it when he missed his footin' and met his death."

"What kind of man?"

"You do speak in a strange voice, Mr. Selward; your dreamin's reg'lar upset you. Big, black, foreign man he was, as 'ad come with the old gentleman as owned the house from foreign parts. He had strange servants, had that old man; the 'ousemaid was a foreigner, too, and as for the cook, you never saw

such a looking woman as she was in all your life—all body an' no legs. She'd a decent face though, that I will say, and it was gossip about here as the foreign man was carryin' on with both the women. You look very bad, Mr. Selward, I think you ought to 'ave a little brandy—just a spot to pull you together. I'll ask nurse."

John Selward was not so well when the doctor saw him that morning. It was many weeks before he began to mend, but in time he regained his health.

"What was the verdict at the inquest?" he asked Mrs. Hollick abruptly, early in his convalescence.

"Lor', Sir, I couldn't think for a moment what you was alludin' to. Death from accident it was, of course. It made me very careful 'ow I 'ave my windows cleaned."

John Selward looked at the dusty panes of his sitting-room and smiled.

THE END.



"He must be killed," Selward said, white as a sheet and trembling in every limb.



1. Judges for the International Competition. 2. A Set. 3. An Interval in the Game. 4. Full Swing. 5. Mr. H. Grenander, of Stockholm, Winner of First Prize in International Competition.

FIGURE-SKATING AT THE NATIONAL SKATING PALACE.



THE UNITED STATES WAR-SHIP "MAINE," BLOWN UP IN HAVANA HARBOUR.

*Reproduced by Permission of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. from "Our Navy, Its Growth and Achievement."*

#### THE BLOWING-UP OF THE "MAINE."

By a terrible catastrophe which will long stand out as one of the most sensational incidents of naval history in times of peace, the United States Government has lost one of its finest vessels. It was only the other day that the cruiser *Maine* anchored in the harbour of Havana with the object of protecting American interests in troubled Cuba. On Tuesday of last week she lay peaceably at anchor in shallow water, when suddenly there occurred an explosion, followed shortly after by a second, which sank the cruiser with all on board. Thanks to the activity of those

around, a number of the officers and crew were rescued, but two hundred and seventy lost their lives. Whatever the cause of this calamity may be, the matter will be most carefully inquired into. The more sensational of the American papers point to Spanish treachery; but two of the highest experts of the American navy agree that no explosion produced through exterior agency could have so completely and thoroughly wrecked the vessel. Only an interior explosion could have produced such disastrous results. It is possible, in the opinion of experts, that the disaster might have been caused by the explosion of one of the boilers or the crossing of the

electric-light wire; but the consensus of opinion is that the fire originated from spontaneous combustion in the coal-bunkers, and fired the magazine. All explanations of the disaster, however, are mere conjectures, and are likely to remain such until the official report is made known. The Navy Department lost no time in setting the Government investigation afoot, and a board of inquiry has been organised. The disaster has caused great and widespread excitement throughout the United States as a possible prologue to a realisation of the rumours of war which have lately filled the air, but President McKinley has taken every precaution to relieve the high tension of popular feeling.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—OCCUPATION OF THE KHYBER: VIEW AT THE LOWER END OF ALI MUSJID GORGE.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL H. H. HART, C.R.E., 1ST DIVISION TIRAH FIELD FORCE.

*The Musjid (Mosque) is a very small building about fourteen feet square and twenty-three feet high.*



COMMANDER A. MARIX, OF THE "VERMONT,"  
ONE OF THE BOARD OF INQUIRY INTO THE DISASTER TO THE "MAINE,"  
OF WHICH HE WAS FORMERLY EXECUTIVE OFFICER.



THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO SIR GERALD PORTAL  
AND HIS BROTHER, CAPTAIN MELVILLE RAYMOND PORTAL,  
IN WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

*From a Photograph by Mr. Walter T. Green, Winchester.*



ENGLISH FREEMASONS AT JERUSALEM.

*From a Photograph taken after a Meeting in the Quarries of Solomon, and supplied to us by Mr. C. N. Tudros, British Consulate, Jerusalem.*

## LITERATURE.

## MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN'S NEW BOOK.

As a relief, perhaps, from the strain of creating heroes of the d'Artagnan type, Mr. Weyman has, in his latest book—*Shrewsbury* (Longmans)—chosen to follow the fortunes of a penman rather than a swordsman—of a person who never exhausts us by his restless dexterity, and who, at times, tempts us to impatience with his consistent poltroonery. But if Richard Price, *ci-devant* usher and newsletter-writer, and ultimate confidential clerk to the Duke of Shrewsbury, is only twice equal to the occasion, the troubles that hedge him afford almost as thrilling reading as the adventures of the immortal musketeers, and there must have been some tough stuff, after all, in the fellow who, as the mere plaything of chance, could go through so much and yet keep reason unclouded. Perhaps Price is too hard on himself (for he tells his own story), but even then his unreadiness remains as a standing indictment. Still, the weak character as well as the strong is legitimate matter for the artist, and Mr. Weyman, having taken the well-disposed craven in hand, turns him out, as might be expected, finished to the nail. The novel, like a greater of another school, is practically without a hero, for the Duke of Shrewsbury, whatever his inherent nobility, falls into the place of lesser interest. For once, too, Mr. Weyman has forborne to portray brilliant and fascinating womanhood. Of the chief women in the book, one is a crafty shrew, one a graceless trull, the third alone a woman. She plays a part of no great distinction, but within its limits fit and sufficient. As a picture of the times, "*Shrewsbury*" may fairly claim success. Mr. Weyman has the power, somewhat rare among novelists of these days, of filling his world with people. In the pages of "*Shrewsbury*" we live in the England of the closing seventeenth century, when the Assassination plot and the subsequent mysterious disclosures of Sir John Fenwick were in the air. In the novel, the latter mystery finds an ingenious and plausible solution, and Shrewsbury's name is vindicated, chiefly through the woman-inspired half-courage of Master Price. The timid clerk, with his pedantic scraps of Latinity, may not command our first respect or affection, but who of us clerks in these piping times of peace shall dare to cast the stone of condemnation? Only at the end is there a slight sense of tedium, for the machinery (except a too obvious pun) is, to a cog, that of earlier works, which to specify would be to insult Mr. Weyman's deservedly great popularity. It is a pity, nevertheless, for Mr. Weyman's invention need owe nothing to vain repetitions.

## RECENT FICTION.

*Cupid's Garden.* By Ellen Thornycroft Fowler. (Cassell and Co.)  
*Concerning Charles Roydant.* By Pierre Le Clercq. (Digby, Long, and Co.)  
*High Play.* A Comedy off the Stage. By George Manville Fenn. (Downey and Co.)  
*The Making of a Prig.* By Evelyn Sharp. (John Lane.)  
*A Return to Nature.* By Elsa d'Esterre Keeling. The Daffodil Library. (Jarrold and Sons.)

"*Cupid's Garden*" is like that Garden of Eden Miss Fowler prettily describes in one of its stories: "Each girl in her own heart pondered on the marvel that the coming and going of one particular man can turn a wilderness into an enchanted garden, and vice versa, and learnt the lesson that, as when all the earth was an Eden, there was only one man and one woman in the world, so, when there is only one man and one woman in the world, all the earth becomes an Eden again." The majority of these pretty love-stories are run in one mould, being constructed with a single view to an unlooked-for dénouement. This was more effective when the stories appeared separately in magazines than it is when they are presented together in a reprint, since the reader soon gets to expecting and to guessing the sleight-of-hand trick at the close by which someone is transformed into someone else. No one, for instance, is prepared for it in the first story, "*An Old Wife's Tale*," where the hero saves one of two sisters from a fire at the cost of his sight. The one he saves makes him happy with her hand, for he supposes her to be the one he loved, whereas—though he never discovered it—it is her "cold, stern, unsympathetic sister," who nevertheless proves the most passionately devoted wife conceivable. Henceforth the reader is on the look-out for such transformation scenes at the close of each tale.

The women of Mr. Pierre Le Clercq's nightmares "*Concerning Charles Roydant*" are appropriately intense and Dantesque. Sometimes no words short of picturesque profanity can describe them. There is the lady who, in the beauty of her body is "God's smile," but in her heart and mind is so "cruel, selfish, slangy, libidinous, gluttonous, heartless, untruthful, vain—a petty tale-bearer, petty mischief-maker, and petty thief, lacking the dimmest perception of honour"; that "to me she is simply the scrip of a mean and paltry play, bound like God's own prompt copy of the Bible." Then there is the angel soul who, having been under the painful necessity of murdering her husband, is under the necessity, still more painful, of quitting the country: "Her beautiful hands were covering her beautiful eyes, and her beautiful tears were oozing through her beautiful fingers." Of other beauties we have not quite so clear a vision owing to the obscurity of the ethereal imagery employed to express their loveliness: "There, in the curves of one toe-nail, were reproduced the exquisite shoulders and bust of my beautiful

sister Salome; the whole of the nail itself was she—just a beautiful rounded white-and-pink thing, bursting with arrogance"; while "in another nail on the same foot my brother Herbert's cheap sarcasms were so legibly written that they were almost audible; and in the transverse line of the flesh crossing the root of the paltry nail I saw Herbert's upper lip sinking rather meanly, as if he had a sort of lingering doubt that, after all, there *might* be something better in the world for a man to do than to make others pretend to laugh." There is a great deal of cleverness quite gone wild in "*Concerning Charles Roydant*."

"*High Play*" is not exactly pretty and pleasant, since the noble Lord whose fortunes it follows is so consummate a cad and scoundrel that you are at a loss to understand why his wife, his mistress, his doctor, and his bosom friend—all as heroic as he is base—could endure him for a day. Patient Griselda herself must have fled from him long before his wife did. His mistress dies in his service and through his brutality, her lover's allegiance to him is never shaken by his infamous treatment of her; while the doctor, who is the hero of the story and the respectful lover of the miscreant's unhappy wife, is his *deus ex machina* in every crisis of his health and of his fortune. But "*High Play*" is as exciting as its title, and the excitement is kept throughout at fever-heat by an unflinching

explaining herself, and that is why men do not find her such good fun." What is this but Congreve's—

Women are like tricks by sleight of hand,  
Which to admire, we should not understand.

"*A Return to Nature*" is a pretty tale of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" type, rather ponderously told, however. Its narrator, a "sweet girl-graduate," herself affords the amusement she finds in her pupil's bad English and in his grandfather's pomposity. She ought to have chastened her charge for such English as this used by herself: "He had betaken himself and his delicate wife to America"; while the child's grandfather says nothing more amusingly pedantic than his critic's habitual language: "A girl near was paralysed by her amusement, and woke echo with the sonorous expression of it. Her prettiness was enhanced by this great jubilation, which was incomprehensible to Tempe." But though this story of little fishes is told in the style of a great whale, it is an exceedingly pretty and pleasant tale.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

It was at one time pointed out by political economists that farming was an occupation which was frequently resorted to by men of position because they found it congenial, and not because they found it remunerative. I wonder if the same spirit—a desire to have a gentlemanly occupation—has recently inspired so large a number of young men to enter into the profession of publishing. I count not less than twenty new publishers who have come upon us within a year or two, and several of them have made a distinctive mark. At the same time, it is not easy to believe that all are going to make fortunes. There was a time when publishers could very easily amass fortunes: it was in the days when they purchased a novel for fifty pounds and made some thousands out of it. Now they have to purchase in a fiercely competing market, and many a publisher has paid more money on account of royalties than he has ever got back from the public.

Among the new publishers, Mr. Grant Richards has made a mark by the delightful anthologies which he has published by Mrs. Meynell and Mr. E. V. Lucas; Messrs. Service and Paton, by their editions of classic novelists; Mr. James Bowden, by Mr. Clark Russell's "*Life of Nelson*" and by Mr. Coulson's Kernahan's popular volumes; Mr. Lawrence Greening, by three or four interesting little books—notably Mr. Clement Scott's "*Sisters by the Sea*" and Mr. FitzGerald's "*Time the Fiddler*." Mr. Duckworth and Mr. John Long are the newest names to add to this list. Assuredly it is a golden time for authors, with all these competitors for their work; but the young publisher who is going to make the most money, it seems to me, is he who finds a new device in the way of educational books. By this I do not mean mere books which may or may not break down that very difficult barrier which separates the aspiring publisher from the English school-house, but books which will be bought by busy men who long to keep abreast of their children in the matter of general knowledge.

Although to many of the critics the second series of the "*Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*," by the late Mr. Palgrave, was weakened by the larger representation in it of Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy's verse, it is interesting to learn, as I have done from several booksellers, that the publication of that volume has given a considerable impetus to the sale of "*Music and Moonlight*" and other of O'Shaughnessy's writings, which up till that date had not received very much attention from the collectors of what is irreverently known as "minor poetry."

I thought that if there was one thing Mr. Henley excelled in, it was in the possession of a vigorous and forcible style. A new publication, however, the *Authors' Circular*, derides the article which Mr. Henley wrote for the *Outlook* on "*The Burns Superstition*," on account of what it considers its defective

English. Mr. Henley, we are told, frequently commences his sentences with "And"; one sentence contained 171 words, twenty-two commas, four semicolons, two colons, one dash, thirty capital letters, and sundry other typographical signs, "a heavy burden for one point," says Mr. Henley's critic. When all is said, however, Mr. Henley's article on "*The Burns Superstition*" was a very strong and effective piece of work; the only drawback seemed to me to be that it made the rest of the periodical in which the article appeared seem dull by comparison.

I am glad to note that Mr. George Gissing in his little book on Dickens, which has just been published by Messrs. Blackie, has expressed the opinion that Fred Barnard's illustrations of Dickens's characters are much finer than those of Cruikshank. It is very true. It was, however, a curious irony to have given Mr. Gissing the task of appreciating Dickens. The one writer makes poverty so much more depressing than it really is, the other so much more joyous than it is.

The Irish Literary Society of London meets to-night (Saturday) to listen to a paper on "Mangan, Poet, Eccentric, and Humorist," by Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves, the well-known author of "*Father O'Flynn*." The chair will be taken by Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*.  
C. K. S.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

## WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXVI.—MR. STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Stanley Weyman, whose new historical romance, "*Shrewsbury*," is reviewed in these columns, is a native of Shropshire, having been born at Ludlow in 1855. Educated at Shrewsbury School and Christ Church, Oxford, he eventually chose the Bar for his profession, and practised up to the year 1889, when he published his first romance, "*The House of the Wolf*." His second novel, "*The New Rector*," dealt with modern life, but in "*The Story of Francis Cludde*" he returned to the field of historical romance, in which he has proved himself a master by his subsequent volumes—"A Gentleman of France," "*Under the Red Robe*," "*My Lady Rothera*," and "*The Red Cockade*." The stage version of "*Under the Red Robe*" has been one of the most successful plays of modern times. Mr. Weyman's latest novel forms the present serial in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

succession of the most melodramatic scenes, situations, and incidents.

The hero of Miss Evelyn Sharp's singularly clever novel, "*The Making of a Prig*" is as gross and detestable a cad of his cynical kind as the villain of "*High Play*" is in his rowdy rôle. No doubt the heroine, by going to his rooms at all hours of the day and night, invited the contempt of any man who could misunderstand her visits, but this he neither could nor did, and his turning her out like a kicked spaniel into the London streets at midnight disgusts the reader as much as it seems to have intensified her passion for him. When lady-novelists turn Queen's Evidence unconsciously against their sex they testify to the fascination masculine contempt for women has for them—either the practical contempt personified in a hero who is a scamp, or the theoretical contempt incarnated in a hero who is a prig. Though, however, you despise or dislike more or less all the characters in "*The Making of a Prig*," you cannot lay down the book till you have finished it. Besides, it abounds in clever and acute observation of this kind: "Oh, yes," laughed Katharine, "men have lots of admiration for us working women, but they don't fall in love with us, that's all. I think it is because it is the elusive quality in women that fascinates men, and directly they begin to understand her they cease to be fascinated by her. And woman is growing less mysterious every day, now; she is chiefly occupied in



1. A Trolley at Wellington.  
2. The Five-Chain Curve between Chinatown and Kisey.  
3. Portrait Group taken after the Public Inspection of the New Line.

4. Sierra Leone, Viewed from Mount Oriel.  
5. Launching the 100 ft. Girder into Position at O.ogou Viaduct, about Ten Miles from Freetown.

6. Wellington Viaduct, Six Miles from Freetown.  
7. Hastings Brook, Crossed by the Railway Thirteen Miles from Freetown.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT RAILWAY FROM SIERRA LEONE TOWARDS THE INTERIOR: SCENES ALONG THE LINE.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. J. A. Page.

# ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XLIII.

## Alton Towers.

**A**LTHOUGH the present Towers of Alton are completely modern—they were built within the present century—the Manor of Alton or Alveton is a very ancient one. It is clearly to be traced as far back as Domesday Book and William the Conqueror, and has a traditional ownership extending even further into antiquity. Alton Towers is the crowning feature of a high hill in a romantic corner of Staffordshire. It is about four miles

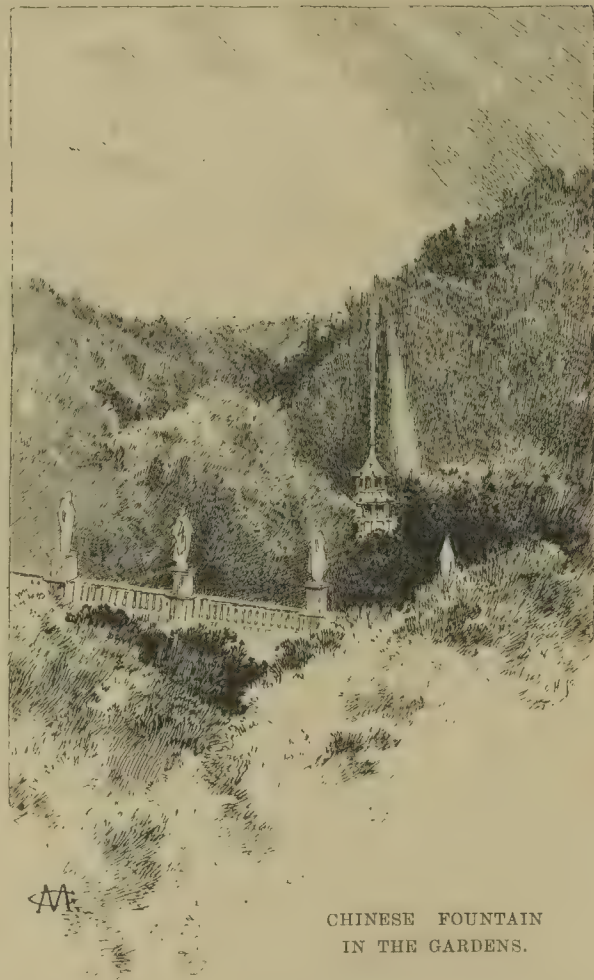
a historical character and as a notable figure in the Shaksperian drama of "Henry VI.," to miss him from which (said Keats) would be like coming into the Elgin Room and finding the Theseus gone from its wonted place. France was the chief field of his brilliant activities, and save when Joan of Arc seemed to bring with her more than mortal aid "to scour these English hence," he was of great good fortune in war. He won, indeed, no less than

forty battles and skirmishes. He was created Earl of Shrewsbury in 1442, and in the following year the King assessed his gratitude to him for his services in France and Normandy at the sum of £10,426 4s. 0½d. (one is sure that Mr. Mantalini would have condemned that detail of the farthing).

To George, the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, was confided the charge and care of the keeping of Mary Queen of Scots during part of her imprisonment in England. The Catholic subjects of Queen Elizabeth were strongly in favour of this, as the fact that Shrewsbury was himself a Catholic gave some kind of warranty that Mary would be well treated. The charge was no sinecure, for whenever the rigour of guardianship was in any degree relaxed Mary would be plotting,

bribing servants, and smuggling letters out of the house. Lady Shrewsbury and her royal guest struck up at one time a close alliance over the congenial pastime of matchmaking, and brought about a marriage between Lord Charles Stuart, a brother of Darnley, and Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's daughter by her first husband, obviously a person to be married off out of hand. Queen Elizabeth was by no means well pleased with this match, and signified the same, in her usual straightforward way, to Shrewsbury, who, also in the usual way, excused himself by laying the blame on his wife. That the Queen retained a grudge against the Shrewsburies may be gathered from a quaintly sarcastic letter written to them apropos of the residence of Leicester under their roof, when, it would appear, he must have fared but meagrely.

Francis, the eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury, was killed in a duel with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The twelfth Earl was created, by George I., Duke of Shrewsbury and Marquis of Alton; but, as he died without issue, these titles expired with him. From this time the succession has not been lineally regular, but has passed to

CHINESE FOUNTAIN  
IN THE GARDENS.

subordinate branches of the family; the present is the twentieth Earl.

That there should have been a castle or fortress of some kind at Alton before it passed into the hands of the de Verdons is likely enough; the commanding nature of the site points it out as one from which the neighbourhood could be easily dominated. The de Verdons and their descendants dwelt here for several centuries; but the Talbots, whose means permitted them other residences, did not greatly frequent their estate in Staffordshire, though the Great Earl occasionally visited it in the interval between his French expeditions. Yet, although



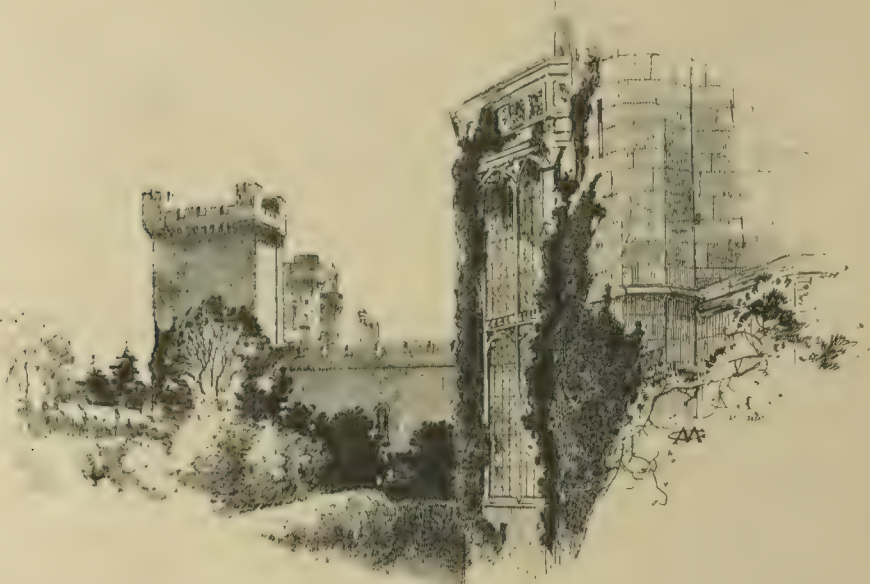
THE STABLES.

thus neglected by its lords as a dwelling-place, it was kept in order as a fortress, and was garrisoned by fifty soldiers in the Civil War. At the close of the war the Castle of Alveton, like those of Stafford and Tutbury, was dismantled by the orders of Oliver Cromwell, and the remains of Alveton became a quarry for building purposes, and fell gradually into complete ruin.

About the commencement of the present century the attention of Charles, the fifteenth Earl of Shrewsbury, was attracted to his property in Staffordshire. Struck with its wild and beautiful scenery, he determined to do what could be done for it by cultivation and engineering, and planted, built, and surveyed roads in all directions.

For when he set to work trees were few, water was lacking, the site of the present gardens was a rabbit-warren, and the sole habitation, Alton Lodge, was but a respectable farmhouse, where the agent of the estate resided. The Earl at first contemplated only alterations to the extant lodge, but, as such things do, the design grew under his hands, and gradually took the shape of a stately mansion befitting the site and the family it should house. And John Talbot, the sixteenth Earl, added to the mansion, extended the range of the gardens and plantations, and formed a collection of books, pictures, and other objects of art. So that Alton Towers came to be as well fitted and stately a mansion as, without the special claims of antiquity, is anywhere to be found. At first it was called Alton Abbey, but the military title seems the more appropriate. The site upon which the house was built was called in old days Banbury, and occasional weapons found in excavating it seem to hint at Saxon battles and a former Saxon fortress.

The present building is in its mass a modern Gothic castle—Gothic, be it understood, in the style of Pugin, who himself had a hand in some parts of the work; a



VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

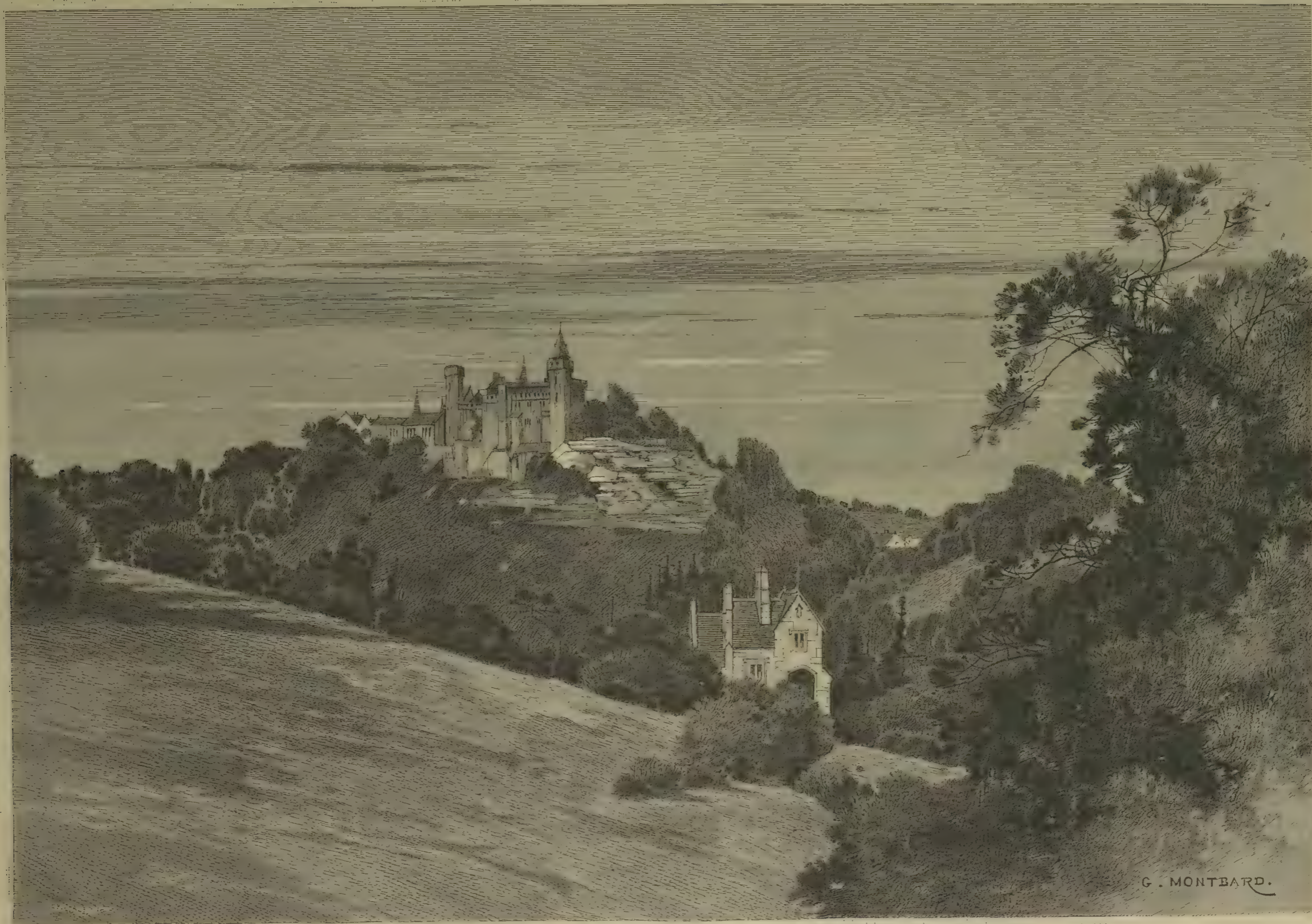
south-east of Cheadle, near the little village of Farley; Alton itself lies nearly a mile away from it, and upon the opposite side of the river. There is a certain air of picturesque wildness about the surrounding country, although the domains of the castle itself have been cultivated with singular elaboration; the combination is piquant and stimulating, and from every side the approach is beautiful. The castle stands high, upon a spur of the Weaver Hills—which are the highest ground in Staffordshire—and overlooks the vale of the rivers Dove and Churnet. Beyond Uttoxeter the prospect opens out towards Lichfield, whose cathedral towers are clearly to be seen from Alton upon a fine day: as is over the Wrekin in Shropshire.

Alton Towers is a country-seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot; here twenty Earls of Shrewsbury have ruled since their ancestor, Godfrey Comte de Verdon, came over into England with the Conqueror. At the period of Domesday the Count held Farnham Royal in Buckinghamshire, by grand-sergeanty of providing a glove for the King's right hand at his coronation, and supporting the royal right arm while the hand bore the sceptre. In the reign of Henry II. the manor of Alton Towers was granted to Bertram, the grandson of Godfrey, who founded there Croxden Abbey for the Cistercians, and endowed it with the Church of Alton. He was a man evidently of devoted piety, for some fifteen years later he took part in the most memorable of the Crusades—that in which the heroic Richard of England encountered the no less heroic Kurdish chieftain who had united the Moslem States from the Nile to the Tigris under his single sceptre, and had made the name of Saladin a terror to the Crusaders.

It was a daughter of the house of de Verdon, Maud, who married the famous John Talbot—"the scourge of France"—and brought the manor of Alton into the possession of the noble family that still retains it. Talbot calls but for brief notice here, so well is he known both as



DISTANT VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS.



THE OLD CASTLE.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XLIII.



ALTON TOWERS, STAFFORDSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY AND TALBOT.

moat, though dry and grass-grown, and a counter-weighted drawbridge assist to carry out this idea in detail. A great piece of artificial water—drawn from the neighbouring hills—with swans afloat upon its bosom, adds greatly to the picturesqueness of the house's setting.

The entrance is through a tunnelled archway, and you see, before going into the house itself, carved stone scutcheons bearing the arms of the de Verdons, the Furnivalls, and the Nevilles. The armoury, nearly a hundred and twenty feet in length, has an oak roof bossed and rosetted, paintings in the low tones appropriate to tapestry clothe the walls, and weapons and armour of different periods are symmetrically arranged; the lancet windows are filled with stained glass. Thence we are led into the picture-gallery, a room of even greater extent, also ceiled in oak; the arches which support its roofing spring from corbels, each of which is formed into the similitude of "A Talbot strong, a trusty tyke," who carries in his paws the Talbot coat-of-arms. The chief part of the pictures were formerly the property of Lætitia, the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Then "the Octagon" is built in the form of an ancient Chapter House, the roof being supported by a single central clustered column—and has windows of stained glass. Thence an ascent of a few steps from the Octagon leads through a vestibule adorned with busts into a very fine conservatory, in which marble copies of antique statues have a happy background of palms and flowers. The conservatory looks down into Lady Shrewsbury's private garden, in an inner court: a delightful little retreat laid out in the Dutch style, and further adorned with a Chinese pagoda. Farther on, at the house's end, comes the handsome chapel.

In the western wing are the State rooms—a drawing-room, music-room, library, bed-room, and other apartments. In the yellow bed-chamber a brilliantly coloured room with a ceiling of red, blue, and gold, once slept Queen—Elizabeth? No, chronology will not permit us to say that; but at least Queen Adelaide!—EDWARD ROSE.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Guardian* has got into trouble with its clerical correspondents by refusing to support the clergy who protest against the rating of tithes. It has published a great many of their letters, some of them very angry in tone. "Your attitude," says one, "is in fact only one more utterance of what a correspondent said of you in your own columns—'it is like the *Guardian*, never quite just, never quite fair.' This testimony is true." The *Guardian* replies that if it is admitted that tithes be wages and not endowment, the path of the disestablisher will be made much easier, and those who say so declare that the property of the Church is wages paid to individuals, not endowments belonging to an institution. It argues, however, that when tithes are paid to the incumbent of a parish it should be exempted from rates to the extent of £150 of its annual current value if it exceeds that amount, or wholly if it does not exceed that amount.

From figures published in the official year-book of the Church of England it appears that the total amount of voluntary offerings in one year is upwards of £7,000,000. In one of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, with a membership of about 300,000, the offerings amount to about one-tenth of this.

Dr. Barnardo's secretary announces that at present rather more than half of the whole number of children under the care of the Barnardo institutions belong to the Church of England, and they are being brought up under the influence and teaching of the clergy. The remainder are under the teaching and influence of Nonconformist ministers.

A life is being prepared of Mrs. Wightman, of Shrewsbury, and rather late in the day materials are asked for a biography of the late Professor George Long.

Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, has said that he believes there are about five hundred clergymen of the Church of England who have sought and obtained ordination through a Papal channel. This statement is characterised by the *Church Times* as absolutely preposterous, and mischievous to boot.

The ordinations in the Church of England show a steady decline during the last ten years. The *Church Times* takes a pessimistic view of this and other facts. It says that the confirmation statistics of nearly every diocese are lamentable, that the percentage of communicants is far below the mark, and that religion is losing hold in most of our large centres of population. It quotes the admission of priests in certain parishes that the attendance on Sunday mornings is not more than 500 out of 11,000 parishioners, or 700 out of 20,000, or 250 out of 13,000.

Canon Gore is to lecture during Lent at Westminster Abbey on the Epistle to the Romans. The Bishop of London will conduct the Three Hours on Good Friday at St. Paul's.

The work of restoring the spire and turrets of Salisbury Cathedral is expected to be finished in the course of the next few weeks. The aggregate cost will be about £15,000.

It is fully expected that the Wesleyan Methodists will raise the proposed fund of £1,000,000. The response met with throughout the denomination has been unmistakably warm.

Dr. John Hall, the eminent Presbyterian minister of New York, has withdrawn his resignation. Nearly all his trustees have resigned in consequence, and the general feeling of the American religious Press seems to be that a mistake has been committed. It is seldom that popular ministers know when to retire, or how to retire gracefully.

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, has been speaking strongly against auricular confession. He knew many clergymen at that moment, in Liverpool, who held with auricular confession.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

PION NOIR.—Your letter received and contents noted, and we will, of course, respect your wishes. We like No. 4 the best, and it shall appear as soon as possible.

E J SHARPE (Clapton).—We must sometimes consider the weaker brethren, and therefore vary our standard of difficulty.

A W MONGREDIEN (Willesden).—Please send problem on diagram. It will possibly prevent such afterthoughts as those you now send.

C B (Luton).—We think you had better get a standard work on the game, like "The Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern."

J ARMSTRONG CHALLICE.—Your record is a very extraordinary one, and we regret we have not space to set it out in full.

D CAMPBELL (Dumbarton).—The only error is that two different defences of Black were run together in printing the solution. You will see an answer on the subject in a recent issue.

W H GRUNDY (Exeter), H RODNEY (Poplar), and M WHITTINGHAM (Welshpool).—Received with thanks, and will be duly examined.

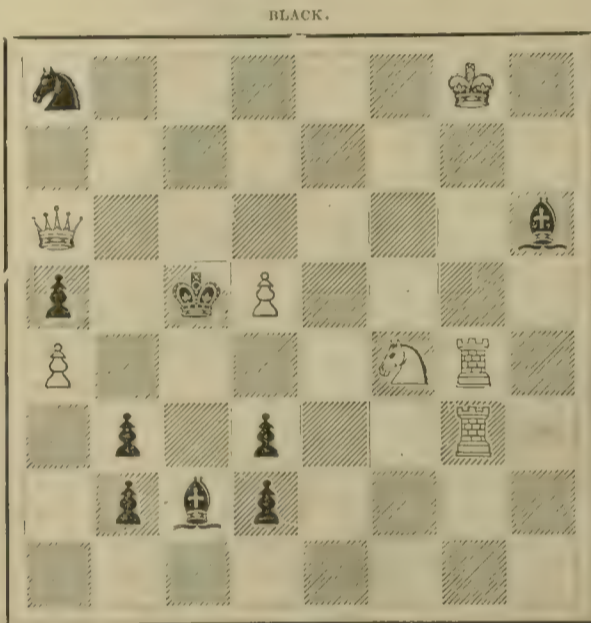
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2801 received from C A M (Penang), of Angelica Pereira (Bombay); of No. 2803 from Angelica Pereira (Bombay); of No. 2805 from J O Miller (St. Catherine's, Ont.); of No. 2807 from George Stillingfleet Johnson, P Grant (Maceduff), D Newton (Lisbon), C M A B, and E G Boys; of No. 2808 from Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), P Grant (Maceduff), E G Boys, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), D Newton (Lisbon), J D Tucker (Leeds), and C W Porter (Acton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2809 received from F J Candy (Norwood), V R B (Clifton), J Bailey (Newark), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), Julian Hott (Ramsgate), John G Lord (Castleton), C W Porter (Acton), Alpha, J D Tucker (Leeds), E Goddard (Godalming), Omega, R Worters (Canterbury), Francis Barton (Egremont), Hereward, A Callow-Harley (Cardiff), Burleigh (Brighton), M Hobhouse, Captain Spencer, Edith Corser (Reigate), T C D (Dublin), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Julius Richter (Brünn), M A Pyre (Folkestone), H Le Jeune, F L Dobree, (Tilbury), G Birnbach (Berlin), Joseph Wilcock (Chester), J F Moon, G Hawkins (Camberwell), S Davis (Leicester), C E Perugini, J Lake Ralph (Purley), Dr F St, Frank Proctor, C M A B, Edward M Tyson, Henry Orme (Bristol), J Hall, E B Foord (Cheltenham), T Rober s, T Batty (Colechester), A P A (Bath), J P Owen, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), Shadforth, Edwin Sparrow (Enfield), Edward J Sharp, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), Hermit, James Hodgson (Barrow-in-Furness), T G (Ware), H S Brandreth (Algiers), C J Fisher (Eye), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), A E McClintock (Kingstown), E St. Clair Hurnett (Kensington), B Harley (Saffron Walden), Rev. F Dormer Price (Reigate), C E H (Clifton), and J Berry (Cnisw ck).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2808.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to Q 6th. Any move.  
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2811.—By H. F. W. LANE.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

### CONSULTATION CHESS.

Game played at the Brooklyn Chess Club between MESSRS. CHADWICK and ELWELL on the one side and MESSRS. MARSHALL and ZIRM on the other.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (MESSRS. C. & E.)	BLACK (MESSRS. M. & Z.)	WHITE (MESSRS. C. & E.)	BLACK (MESSRS. M. & Z.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Q to K 6th	R to Kt 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. Q take Q	He might have tried first R to K sq. threatening instant mate.
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	18. Q R to K sq	R takes Q
4. P takes P	P to K 5th	19. R to K 3rd	B to Q 2nd
5. Kt to K 5th	P to Q 3rd	20. K R to K sq	P to Q Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P tks P (en pas.)	21. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
7. Kt takes P	Castles	22. R to K 7th	B to K 3rd
8. Kt to B 3rd		23. P takes R	K takes R
9. B to K 3rd	R to K sq (ch)	24. P tks P (dis. ch)	K to B sq
10. Q to K 2nd	Kt takes B	25. Kt to R 3rd	R to Kt 5th
11. P takes Kt	Q to R 5th (ch)	26. R to K 5th	P to R 3rd
12. Kt to B 2nd	B to Q B 4th	27. R takes P	P to B 4th
13. Kt to Q sq		28. P to B 3rd	R to Kt sq
14. Castles		29. R to B 5th	Q R to Kt 3rd
15. Kt takes B	Q to Kt 4th	30. Kt to B 2nd	K R to Kt 3rd
16. Q to Q 2nd	B takes P	31. Kt to Q 3rd	K R to Q B 3rd
	R takes Kt	32. Kt to K 5th	R to B 2nd
		33. B to B 4th	Kt to Kt sq
		34. R to Kt 5th	Resigns.

An even game results from Q takes R, and whatever else is played equally loses.

### CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played at St. Petersburg between MESSRS. W. SOLDATENKOFF and S. DURNOWO.

(Danish Gambit.)

WHITE (MR. S.)	BLACK (MR. D.)	WHITE (MR. S.)	BLACK (MR. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q to R 5th	P to Q B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. Kt to B 7th	
3. P to Q B 3rd	P takes P	16. Q to R 6th	P to Kt 3rd
4. B to Q B 4th	P takes P	17. B takes P (ch)	Q takes Kt
5. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	18. Q takes R P (ch)	K to B 3rd
6. P to K 5th	B to Kt 5th (ch)	19. Q to R 4th (ch)	K to Bt 2nd
7. Kt to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	20. R to K 7th (ch)	R to B 2nd
8. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to K 5th	21. Q to Q 4th (ch)	K to B sq
9. Castles	Kt takes Kt	22. Q to R 8th (ch)	K takes R
10. B takes Kt	B takes B	23. R to K s (ch)	K to Q 3rd
11. Kt takes B	Castles	24. Q to K 5th, mate	
12. Kt to Q 5th	Q takes P		
13. R to K sq	Q to Q 3d		

Players who have such a remarkable appetite for Pawns will generally find there is a penalty to pay.

The first player shows very prettily how the game can now be won by force.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An account of recent experiments undertaken in France in connection with so-called thought-reading and allied professions on the part of a woman-medium, is highly interesting, because it demonstrates that whenever the conditions of experimentation are made too rigid for successful trickery (though, of course, none too severe for the theoretical thought-reading powers), the attempts made to solve the problems presented, appear as singular failures. It seems that a certain woman and her sister were credited with occult powers, vouched for by at least one physician. The special trial took place in the presence of a number of scientific men, who sealed up written sentences along with a sensitised photographic plate. The medium was asked to read the sentences by aid of her telepathic or other powers. Strangely enough, the success which had attended previous, but, of course, less carefully conducted, experiments, was wanting on this occasion. Then came the trickery. The sister made her way to where the enclosed sentences were deposited. After her return, the medium revealed the contents of one of the sealed packets; but on this packet being examined, the photographic plate was found to be clouded through its exposure. Comment is needless. I have maintained for years past that all such exhibitions are simply illustrations of clever trickery. Anyone may be prepared to repeat an old experiment at a convenient place and time with any professed telepathist—namely, to seal up in an envelope a Bank of England note, the number and date of which are known to the holder alone, and to present the said note to the medium who will undertake to write down the number and date thereof, as a slight appreciation of admiration for his or her exhibition of the occult.

The note in its envelope may be laid on a table, or even be laid on the medium's brow if this latter phase of things is essential for the due solution of the problem. Only, there is to be no trusting the sealed envelope out of sight (or even in sight) in other hands. It might be enclosed in a locked cashbox, for instance, and if telepathic sympathy with a banknote is good for anything at all, it can surely penetrate the iron casing, or, at least, make clear what a thick opaque envelope alone hides from view. As far as I know, no medium has ever succeeded in such an experiment made with all due care on the part of the other side. It is useless for the average layman to pit himself against the professional conjurer. The trial is utterly unequal, and the conjurer will easily succeed in doing things that appear to the ordinary man utterly inexplicable. But when it is a case of boasting that a certain person can see and read, through opaque media, objects with which neither he nor his confederates are acquainted, and with which they are not allowed to come in contact, I think the sealed up bank-note will prove rather a hard nut in the way of cracking. But there are always weaklings among us who "wish to be deceived." The only legitimate exercise of this wish is illustrated when one pays for a seat at the Egyptian Hall, and sees how clever conjuring far excels in its wonders all the miserable hole-in-the-corner work of mediums, duping their victims in dark rooms, and playing on the ignorance and credulity of the weak-minded among us.

The presence in our midst of an epidemic of influenza is worth noting because that ailment forms an interesting study in respect of the curious variations it exhibits in the course of its yearly visitations. Medical authorities tell us that the type of the disease at the present time is one in which the digestive system is specially affected. In former years it was the nervous system and the lungs which were the special seats of the after-attacks. Personally, I think I have had as large an experience of *la grippe* as any poor mortal could wish for. My last seizure was one which certainly exhibited less of the preliminary fever, and more of the undesirable after-effects in the way of muscular rheumatism and a nice little attack of eczema in the palm of the hand. My case is a specially hard one, for the attacks have seized me invariably in the middle of a lecture-season, and I have struggled on through all the work with a perseverance worthy, no doubt, of exhibition under more rational circumstances. If ever I am attacked again—I have run through the whole gamut of treatments—I intend trying the simple plan advocated by the late Dr. Crerar, of Maryport. He found that bicarbonate of potash, administered in milk, in doses of, say, thirty grains or more every three or four hours, had a remarkable effect in aiding a speedy recovery. One can understand the rationale of this simple treatment. The effect of the potash is to render the blood alkaline, and presumably because the influenza microbe does not like alkalies, it succumbs to an unsuitable environment. Medicine is largely a matter of experiment, and it will do no harm, I think, in view of the fact that nothing seems to act as a specific in influenza, to see what bicarbonate of potash will effect when one's next seizure happens. I have several friends in active practice who believe greatly in the Crerar treatment, which, by the way, appears to be in some danger of being forgotten. Add to the potash treatment the necessity for keeping in an equable temperature, for avoidance of chill, and for judicious nourishment, and I think the average case of influenza may be safely tided over. But it is a tricky ailment, and the doctor's services are needful throughout.

Total abstainers will be inclined to make much of the information contained in a report of the researches of Dr. Deléarde on alcohol in relation to diseases produced by the action of microbes. It seems that, on the whole, the effect of alcohol is to weaken the resistance of the tissues to microbe attack. I should say an *excess* of alcohol is implied in this statement. A drunkard vaccinated at the Pasteur Institute for rabies was treated at the same time as a child bitten by the same dog. The man drank all through his treatment. He died of rabies, while the child continues well and safe. Herein is seen the difficulties of scientific research. Is it fair to compare the condition of the child and the drunkard? I say it is not a fair comparison. The real analogy would be that between the child (an abstainer) and a temperate man.

Bishop of Exeter. Bishop of Ely. Bishop of Landaff.

Bishop of Gloucester.

Bishop of London.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Chichester.

Bishop of Lincoln.

Bishop of Oxford.

Bishop of Worcester.

Bishop of St. Albans.



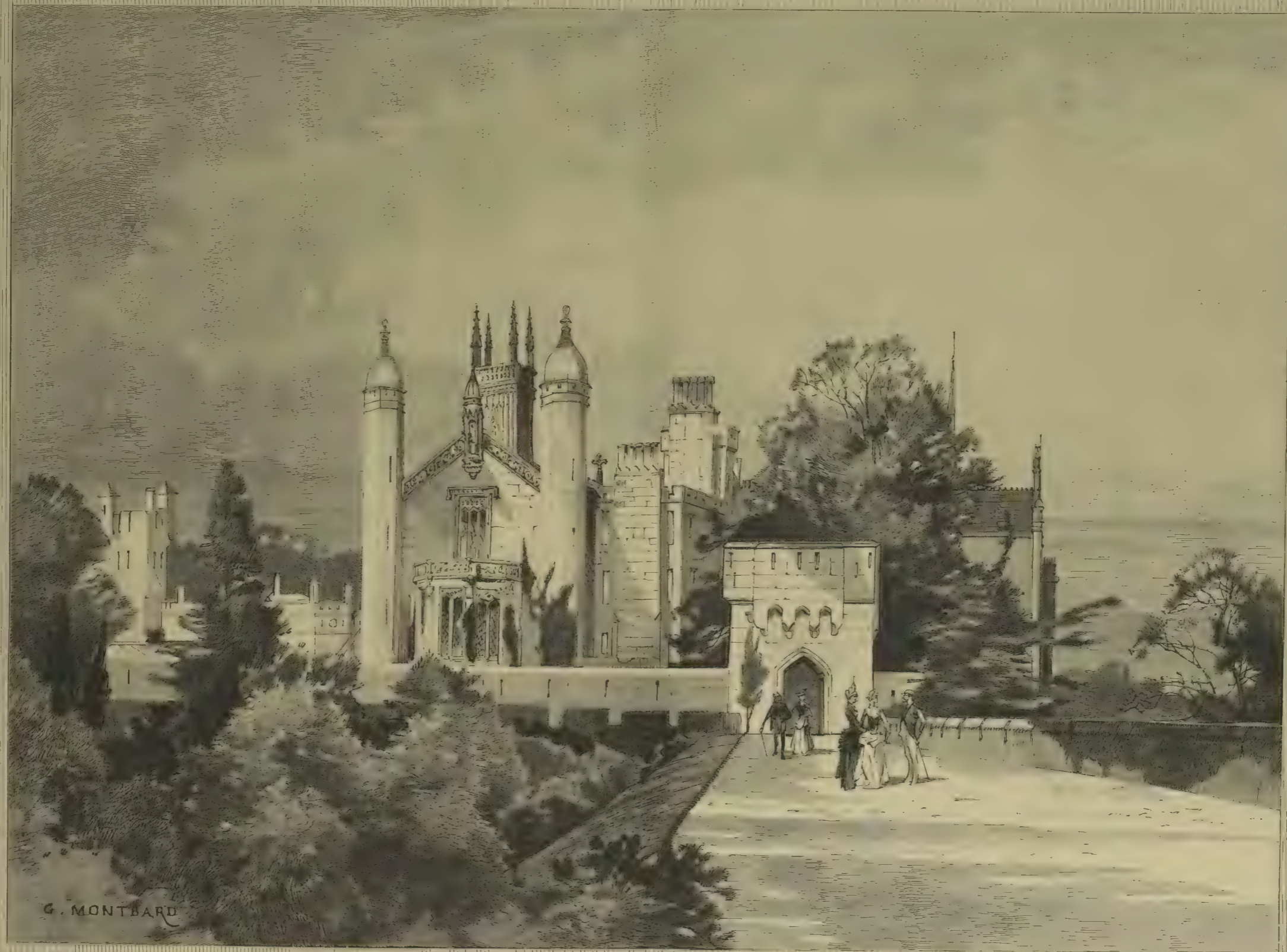
Bishop of Rochester.

Bishop of Truro.

Sir John Hadow, Bart.,  
Agent-General for the Province and Diocese.

Sir John Hadow,  
Register of the Province and Diocese.

THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY AT THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER SPEAKING IN THE UPPER HOUSE.



VIEW FROM THE TERRACE.

## THE NEW ALUMINIUM HUMBER CYCLES.

Beeston on a chilly February afternoon is not romantic. The neighbouring country—save where the chimney-stacks of Nottingham, three and a quarter miles off, rise—lies under the water of such winter as we have had. Beeston itself has little or no claim on history. True, Sir Gilbert Scott turned his genius to the parish church; but to-day the chief aspect of the builder's art which claims your instant attention is a series of red-brick buildings, business-like to the last degree. The whole place has a quiet, Sleepy Hollow touch about it. But if you invade those piles of brand-new brick, unblackened as yet by the smoke of the big chimney-stack, you will find them peopled by a busy humming hive of workers (the familiar Humber trade-mark suggests the metaphor)—men and boys—working industriously at miles of laden benches, hammering, turning, boring, filing, manipulating in every conceivable manner the nuts and bars, the spokes and hubs, the axles



MR. THOMAS HUMBER, THE FOUNDER OF THE COMPANY.

and cones of cycles, as if the world depended on their endeavours. And truth to tell, the world is waiting eagerly for the result of the workers' labours; and the whole place this February afternoon breathes the promise of spring and the larger hope of summertime, when hundreds of cycles, now in the making, will be whirling along dusty roads, beneath a broiling sun, or dodging drays in the City with the agility of acrobats. It was, indeed, a strange sight that February afternoon to see those busy hundreds gathered together by the Humber Company for the purpose of giving pleasure and health to thousands of their fellow-beings all over the world.

When you consider this great endeavour, you will "confound romance!" as heartily as Mr. Kipling, for surely the genius of mechanical industry is as great as the glory of battlefield, and as splendid to the seeing eye as the glamour of what passes for romance. For Beeston has gained a world-wide reputation as the home of the



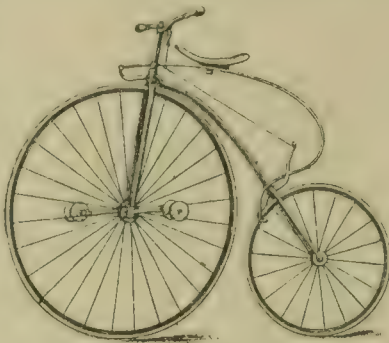
A WAYSIDE HALT.

Humber such as no history, in the limited sense of reckless dash and daring, could have surrounded it with. True, its history, thus conceived, is but of yesterday, for twenty years ago, Beeston had possibly never heard of Humber, and certainly never dreamed of becoming the scene of his operations. As for romance, the rise of Thomas Humber has enough of that and to spare. When the Queen came to the throne he was not even one of her subjects, though the industry which he has done so much to foster has increased the material prosperity of her reign. He was born at Sheffield, the ideal home of the mechanic, on Oct. 17, 1842. He learnt the business of his life by watching the ship-builders of Hull, and later the lace-workers of Nottingham, where he settled down at the age of sixteen to become a blacksmith in a wheelwright's shop. Within a year his wages had risen to £8 or £9 a week, and he increased his knowledge by serving in the engineering departments of many employers in the lace town.

One day in December 1868, the clever young mechanic read a letter in a trade journal about a new velocipede which could "bowl along at the rate of twenty miles an hour." Young Humber at once set to work to make a similar machine for himself. It was bought by a young man who saw the smith riding between Nottingham and Radcliffe. Mr. Humber at once set about making a new one (in February 1869), which was an enormous improvement on its predecessor. Its forks, head, and conical backbone sockets put it far ahead of its

predecessor. Bit by bit Mr. Humber began to improve on his early models. First he introduced wire spokes, then he added rubber tyres, and he made the wheel-rims of iron instead of wood, and by 1871 he had turned out a genuine cycle, as different from the bone-shaker as a victoria is from a brewer's dray. From that date the Humber cycle has been gradually improving itself, until to-day it is as different from the first model as that was from the grotesque bone-shaker of yesterday.

To detail each successive improvement, to trace the history of the great limited liability company which now owns the concern started by Thomas Humber less than twenty years ago, would be to write a chapter in the history of the cycle that belongs by rights to a cyclopaedia and not a news journal. Suffice it to say that Humber and Co. have found their machines so popular all over the world that they have had to house their business in three different towns, which each turns out a different quality of machine. At Beeston, whither the firm flitted ten years ago from Nottingham, the very best and the most expensive machine is turned out, and there are to be found the most experienced workmen who have grown up in the service of Humber. At Wolverhampton, where they also opened ten years ago, the machines are exact reproductions of the Beeston Humber, produced, however, at less cost, though it is only on close inspection of the minutest details that you would see the superiority of the Beestons. The works at Coventry, which were burned down eighteen months ago, have been rebuilt on a fine scale, and there you will get the cheapest article that Messrs. Humber care to supply. There are subsidiary companies in America, Russia, Portugal, Denmark, and Sweden, and altogether nearly seven thousand hands are employed in making Humber cycles, a complete



THE FIRST CYCLE BUILT BY MR. HUMBER.

**T HUMBER,**  
BICYCLE MANUFACTURER,

STRETTON STREET,

UNION ROAD,

NOTTINGHAM.

NOTTINGHAM.

THIRD BY J. DART, ALBERT STREET.

MR. HUMBER'S FIRST  
CATALOGUE, 1874.

cerned, for, argue how you will, you cannot get over the fact that a really good machine, that is to stand wear and tear and prove a constant comfort, must cost money. You have only to think of the complicated character of a cycle to see that this attention to detail is no mere fad. Take such a simple-looking part as the pedals. Every pedal is composed of from thirty to forty parts alone; the mere mud-guard consists of six parts, and so on. In fact, a good cycle is as elaborate in its way as a watch. Think of a watch that had imperfect teeth on one of its wheels! The result would be fatal to its quality as a timekeeper; and similarly a real flaw in any part of a cycle not merely invalidates that part, but, by throwing extra work on its neighbours, lessens the motor-power of the whole machine. Hence this high standard of the quality of material; hence this demand for carefulness which has made Humber stand its own amid battalions of rivals.

Take, for example, the bearings. Their place in the whole structure is exceedingly important, because they have to perform a great amount of hard work. They have to withstand friction; they have to bear wear and tear, and must last. How can all this be secured? Mainly by the manipulation of the metal. One piece of virgin steel is pretty much like another. Turn it in a lathe and you get the necessary

shape, but you do not alter its inherent quality by an atom. But hammer it heartedly by hard labour, pound it and beat it, and pummel it well, and, like a naughty little boy, it is all the better for the process. The particles which compose it are compressed into smaller bulk, and wedded to one another in an indissoluble manner, so that the metal thus treated stands to the metal shapen by lathe in the same relation as a bamboo wand does to a stout oak stick. In precisely the same way the cones are treated, because they, too, have a heavy burden. To the eye of the tyro there is, perhaps, not much difference in the two methods; but to the maker there is every difference in the world. The forged axle is infinitely more durable than the other, and it costs a hundred times as much to produce, for manual work costs as much as, if not more than, ever it did; but machine-work, though cheaper (and equally efficient, mark you, for certain things), is, in such an instance, of much less value. The bearings



Photo Thomas, Chappell.

MR. HENRY MOORE,  
GENERAL MANAGER HUMBER EXTENSION.

are made with extraordinary care. After being forged the surface is case-hardened. This is done by inserting them in a mixture of broken bone buttons and scraps of leather, such as old cycle-saddles, packing them in iron boxes, and subjecting them for several days to heat in a specially constructed furnace. The surface of the metal to a small depth becomes finer in grain and thus harder. But the core remains as soft as before. If the metal were hard throughout it would become brittle. The soft core gives the required tenacity. Sometimes it is necessary to leave parts of the surface unhardened. That is done by wrapping such parts in clay.

Absolute accuracy of measurement and shape is another most important qualification of the good cycle, and to ensure this you have to exercise intelligence at every point. Thus at Beeston the Humber Company fit every part of the machine in a gauge, so that if you smash your hub on the Tirah frontier you can wire for another and be as sure of getting its twin as if you were buying a new cycle altogether. This again means more labour, and consequently increased cost. Little points, you say; but these are just the points on which Humber have risen to the first place. It is the old story, "Little drops of water, little grains of sand." Detail, detail—that is the motto written on every bench at Beeston.

Conscientiousness and detail are necessary, are essential; but that is not the last word in accounting for the continued pre-eminence of the Humber Company amid many rivals. The first Humber was built with brains; its improved successors have been built with brains, and brains have gone conspicuously to make the models of 1898. The great novelty of the Humber this season is the utilisation of aluminium in its manufacture.

Aluminium is the metal that has to be reckoned with in the immediate future. While yet in its infancy for commercial purposes on an extensive scale, it has made enormous progress, and has reached a point when it has actually a journal exclusively devoted to its interests. In America alone to-day more of it is rolled into sheets than went to make up the whole world's stock a few years ago. The Humber Company, keeping well abreast of the times, has grasped that fact clearly, for the lightness of aluminium makes it of the first importance to the cycle-manufacturer. It is five years since the Company began experimenting with aluminium for the frames of cycles. The great stumbling-block, however, has been the difficulty of uniting the rods. You cannot solder aluminium, nor can you braze it as you can a steel joint. What was to be done? The Humber people have devised a mechanical joint which is detachable, so that you can now undo the frame and pack it up as so many straight rods. The method is exceedingly simple. Inside each of the aluminium rods a short steel tube (technically



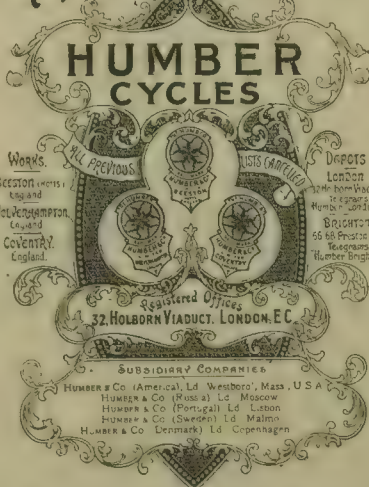
A NEAT MACHINE.

January 1st 1898.

HUMBER &amp; CO. LTD.

(Established 1868)

Manufacturers of the Celebrated



And Agencies in all the Principal Cities of the World.

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THE HUMBER CATALOGUE OF 1898.

called a "reinforcement") is inserted, so as to strengthen it. In parenthesis let it be said that all the vital points of a Humber are skilfully "reinforced." These ends are then inserted into the steel joints (or "lugs") which form the angles of the frame, and pinned securely by an ingenious



THE HUMBER WORKS IN 1874.

contrivance. While this method has been introduced to suit the exigencies of aluminium, the Humber Company are building their steel frames on the same principle, because the principle of brazing the joints really weakens these at the very point where the frame should be strongest.

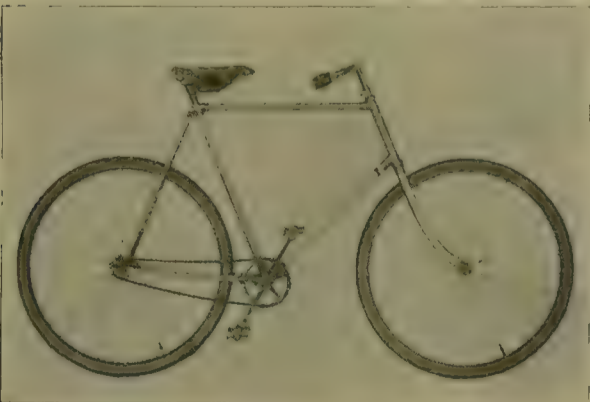
Aluminium, it has been noted, is useful by reason of its lightness. But mark that the methods taken to secure lightness are far too often a source of great weakness in a bicycle. While a cycle should be as light as possible, it is very easy to make it so light that it becomes impossible. The reason is perfectly obvious. If the machine is too light, the weight of the rider tends to



A TRICYCLE MADE AT COVENTRY, RIDDEN BY THE SHAHZADA.

bend some part of it. He will thus make the machine imperfect in being non-rigid, for rigidity is essential to the smooth running of the machine. Without it the rider has to waste some of his power, which should go solely towards propelling the machine into kinking it, and thus impeding progress. The Humber Company have hit the happy medium of the machine which is light without being too light. The aluminium machine will certainly be the rage of the season. Weighing only 22 lb., it yet can support heavy weights. In Beeston at this very moment, a rider of 18½ st. is merrily spinning along the roads on an aluminium machine which has stood the test without the slightest difficulty.

Among the other improvements to be noticed is the duplex chain-stay, by which the strain is received at one point and distributed at two, thus securing absolute rigidity between the bracket and the hub. This makes any twist impossible. As a final illustration of the extreme care with which these machines are turned out, one may refer to the fork crown and its "reinforcements." This crown is usually made of two plates of sheet steel only—which is a very cheap process. But that is not good enough for a Beeston Humber. In each of these the crown is practically carved out of solid steel, while the "reinforcements" are



THE NOVELTY OF THE SEASON: ALUMINIUM BICYCLE.

very powerful. Another excellent improvement is the adjustable crank, which enables the rider to obtain easily the exact throw best suited to his requirements. This object has been attained without widening the tread in the

least, the pedal axle being constructed with an eccentric flange, which screws into the crank.

The Humber Company pride themselves justly on the beautiful Beeston safety cycles which they build for ladies, which are ridden by many members of our own and other royal families. The frame is greatly strengthened by the use of a curved upper tube, while the dress-guard can be partially detached in a moment, so that the hub may be cleaned or oiled. The chainless Beeston safety will be welcomed by riders who do not wish to be troubled with the adjustment of a chain. The Pedersen safety, constructed on the cantilever principle, is designed so that every tube is either in tension or compression. The machine looks odd, and its saddle, consisting of strings at different degrees of tension, is odder still. The Beeston type of tricycle is a capital machine, while the different models built at Coventry show graceful variations on the Beeston lines. Special attention may also be called to the Humber tandems, which are made at Beeston and Coventry. It must be noted in passing that the popular Olympia Tricycle Tandem, sold by Marriott and Cooper, is made by Humber and Company. One often meets these on the road, and cannot help noticing how graceful the lady looks seated in the front, while the responsibility of the helm rests with her male companion.

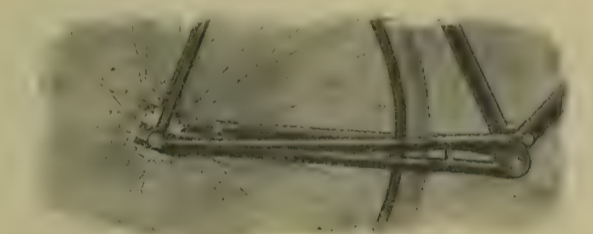
A visit to the Beeston Works is most instructive. In one short hour you will learn more about the construction of a bicycle than you would do by reading a library of



A BEESTON TRICYCLE (TOP BAR DETACHABLE FOR LADIES' USE).

books. Beginning in the foundry, you see the manufacture of the joints which comprise the framework. Then you turn into the forge, where the Beeston blacksmiths stand sweating over cones and axles, stamped under enormous dies from the finest steel, and thus immensely strengthened.

The turnery, a huge room with innumerable pulleys and tools, valued at £50,000, shows how steel may be turned, drilled, bored, or milled. The fitting department is responsible for making the frames, the forks, the stays, and other parts. Then comes the filing-up shop,



THE NEW DUPLEX CHAIN STAY.

where everything is smoothed down to a polish. The enamelling is conducted in seven large rooms. Then we come to the glazing department, which is worked almost



A COMBINATION TANDEM, MADE AT BEESTON.

entirely by men who have been brought up in the best Sheffield cutlery works. Here the parts which require plating are glazed on the spindles. The shafting is underground. The plating shop is considered by many experts to be the finest in England. The various parts, on entering this department, are carefully cleaned in a special solution in vats. They are then immersed in another series of vats for some hours, during which the plating process takes place. The wheel-making department is 200 ft. long. In this portion of the works the spokes are also screwed and cut to length, the wheels are then built up, and finally the tyres are fitted. Last of all we get the finishing shop. Notwithstanding the careful scrutiny to which every part is subjected throughout the works, before passing from one stage to the next (with a view to avoiding the possibility of defective work being done), here in the final stage every part is thoroughly re-examined before the cycles are put together, so that it is practically impossible for a machine to leave the works in anything but a perfect condition. If the various departments described were all placed in a row, it is calculated their total length would not be less than 3000 ft., or



A BEESTON LADY'S BICYCLE.

about six times the length of our largest cathedrals. The Coventry works, like those at Beeston, are elaborately fitted up, and are illuminated by the electric light. A large portion of the buildings is four stories high, and the total floor area is over 100,000 square feet. One thousand machines a week can be turned out at this factory alone; and the fitting-shops contain over 5000 ft. of benching. The entire place is fire-proof (for this purpose some 400 tons of steel girders were utilised, and about 5½ miles of steel joists), and, having been so recently erected, everything is naturally on the very latest and most approved principles. The machinery and tools in this portion of the works alone are valued at more than £30,000.

After seeing so much care and intelligence displayed from top to bottom of the great establishment, is it any wonder that the tiny business started by Thomas Humber twenty years ago has grown into the largest cycle factory in the world? It is the just harvest of conscience, perseverance, and ingenuity.



WHERE THE HUMBER COMPANY BUILDS ITS BEESTON MACHINES.

## GOLD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY W. H. S. AUBREY, LL.D.,

Author of "The Rise and Growth of the English Nation."

Much has been written during recent months concerning the vast auriferous wealth which has been brought to light in British Columbia. That province has an area of 385,300

excellent results already attained are attracting miners in large numbers. There is a large area of the finest grazing land, and cattle thrive well. The valleys are wonderfully rich, and fruit of an excellent quality, chiefly apples, is grown; also peaches, pears, and plums, and smaller fruits grow in profusion.

Kamloops is 224 miles east of Vancouver, and is

of Kamloops for twenty-five years, and rich mineral discoveries have recently been made within three miles of the town, carrying gold and copper, and some being free milling. The Minister of Mines states in his Report—"The general trend of the veins is east and west. They lie in a diorite formation, and exist under similar conditions to those found in the Rossland district, accompanied by the characteristic iron capping, which is a prominent feature of these deposits. The ore is also of the same character, being chalcopryite, assaying from five to thirty per cent. in copper, and from \$4 to \$8 in gold. The vein matter is diorite. The lodes average in width from 4 ft. to 20 ft., and the locations now extend over an area of about twenty square miles. Fuel is abundant, and an unrivalled climate, in addition to short railway communication, completes the advantages which very few mining camps possess." Lytton, south of Kamloops, is rapidly growing in importance.

There has been an extraordinary growth in the mining industry in the Kootenay district, which now ranks first among the gold and silver producers of the world. Prosperous cities are springing up, capitalists, miners, and merchants being attracted by the stupendous resources of the country, which embraces an extent of about 10,000 square miles. Revelstoke is the gateway to the great West Kootenay Mining Camps. It is situated on the Columbia River, which twenty-eight miles below expands into the Arrow Lakes, whence there is steamer communication to Nakusp. The opening of the Nakusp and Slocan Railway to Sandon, with the establishment of a steam-boat service on the Slocan Lake, have done much to develop the district. Geologists and mining engineers of authority state that within a radius of twelve miles of Rossland Nature has deposited more golden store than in any similar area on the globe. Rossland is the site of such famous mines as the "War Eagle," "Iron Mask," "Nickel Plate," and others, the value of the ore from which ranges from \$25 to \$200 per ton.

In the "Official Handbook of the Dominion of Canada," just issued by the Government Printing Bureau at Ottawa, it is stated: "There are no richer gold-fields than those of which Rossland is the centre. Several mines are already operated extensively, and are paying large monthly dividends, while new discoveries indicate that the full richness of this region cannot yet be even approximately estimated. Large shipments of ore are being made; and with increased home-smelting facilities the output will be immensely increased. On Kootenay Lake are the well-known 'Ainsworth' group, which are large shippers of ore. There are a number of rich mining properties in this

section, like the 'Silver King,' purchased for \$1,500,000 by an English company, with its own smelter at Nelson."

Kootenay is now easily entered from two directions, and almost any part can be reached with despatch and comfort, an agreeable surprise to all entering the country for the first time. From the north, at Revelstoke, on the main trans-continental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a branch line runs to Upper Arrow Lake, whence (a) a small steamer plies to the Lardeau and Trout Lake Districts. (b) Steamers run as far south as Trail, connecting at Nakusp with a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway into the Slocan, and at Robson with another branch into Nelson, and at Trail with the



FRASER RIVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

square miles, or more than three times the size of the United Kingdom. It has lofty mountain ranges, immense forests, many fruitful valleys, large rivers, a seaboard of a thousand miles in extent, inexhaustible fisheries and vast agricultural possibilities, besides mineral wealth, the extent of which it is almost impossible to over-estimate. In the southern portion the climate is superior to that of southern England or central France. In this section snow seldom falls, and then it lies only a few hours or days. Summer is correspondingly warm. In the northern portions of the province the winter is more rigorous, but elsewhere the climate is salubrious and healthy.

Dr. George M. Dawson, C.M.G., Chief of the Dominion Government Geological Survey, and one of the foremost geologists in Canada, has recorded the results of a long and careful examination in his valuable work on "The Mineral Wealth of British Columbia," which is the standard authority upon the subject. He is of opinion that the gold supply is permanent, and he sets forth that opinion in detail in his book, thus giving the weight of his official position to the mineral resources of the great British dependency on the Pacific coast. Mr. William Ogilvie, of the Dominion Government Land Survey, says emphatically that British Columbia contains an area of from 550 to 600 miles in length, and of from 100 to 150 miles in width, over the whole of which valuable mineral properties have been found, and that, with proper care and better facilities for transport, it will become the largest, as it is the richest, gold-field ever known.

The Hon. James Baker, Minister of Mines for British Columbia, gives in his last report full particulars of the various mining districts. The mineral lands are open to location by any person having a free mining license, which costs \$5 per annum, but only one claim of 1500 feet square, equal to about 52 acres, can be staked off by one person, and he must conform to the regulations of the Mineral Acts. Possessory rights are secured by doing 100 dols. worth of work on the claim in each year, or by paying that amount into the Treasury of the Province. When 500 dols. worth of work has been done, the owner of the claim can secure a full title by means of the Crown grant, after which no annual assessment is required.

Lillooet district lies directly south of Cariboo, and is bisected by the Fraser River. The country is as yet only sparsely peopled, the principal settlements being in the vicinity of the river, though there are others which, when the projected Cariboo Railway is built, will rapidly become of more importance. This district is quickly coming to the front as a gold-producer. Considerable milling gold is found near the town of Lillooet, where the "Golden Cache" and other mines are operated. Several promising quartz-bearing locations are being developed in this district, and as machinery on the most improved methods is being introduced, capable of treating the refractory ores, the

situated at the confluence of the North and South Thompson Rivers, both of which are navigable for a great distance. It is a railway divisional point and a thriving town of 1500 population, doing a good trade with the farmers, ranchmen, and miners of the district. Steamboats ply on Kamloops Lake, and there are sawmills in constant operation. The town is supplied by waterworks and lighted by electricity. It was originally merely a Hudson's Bay Company's trading post, but has now become a town of some size and importance, and is destined to be one of the great health resorts of the West, on account of the dryness and equability of its climate. Placer mining has been successfully carried on north



LYTTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Columbia and Western to Rossland. Second: From Spokane, Washington, a railway runs to Northport, whence—(a) The Nelson and Fort Sheppard Road follows up to Nelson, connecting with the Kootenay Lake steamers. (b) From Northport, another branch of the Red Mountain Railway, crossing the Columbia by large ferries, runs to Rossland. (c) Daily steamers run up the river to Trail, from which point again Rossland is reached, or the steamers taken for Robson, Nakusp, and Arrowhead.

The city of Vancouver, the terminal point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has, of course, largely participated in the recent extraordinary development. The distance from Vancouver to Montreal is 2906 miles, and to Liverpool 5713. Large steamers run to Australia, Japan, and China, and the city has communication with all important places along the coast. Other great commercial centres are springing up along the railway. It will be understood that in mining districts what is a village one year becomes very rapidly a large town. With the growth of mineral discoveries there will be before long many new towns enjoying all the conditions of modern civilisation in districts which are at present unexplored. With the introduction of quartz-mining, which must speedily take place, as the placer or alluvial mining becomes superseded, there will necessarily be the erection of large smelting works similar to those which are found at Pueblo, Denver, and other places in Colorado. In the Cariboo district there has already been a large expenditure upon hydraulic machinery, and great efforts are being made to reach the bottom of deep tunnels where surface workings alone have been carried on hitherto.

The development of the mines has been retarded in the past by the lack of smelting works, but this want has been to a large extent overcome by the erection of such works at Pilot Bay, which alone have turned out about 300 tons of bullion per month. There is another smelter at Nelson, and matting works at Trail, while the owners of other properties are building concentrators and constructing tramways to handle the large output. In the treatment of ores by smelters it requires on a general average 12 tons of coke to treat 88 tons of ore. The coke and the ore must be brought together at some convenient point where smelters can be erected. It is, of course, easier and cheaper to haul 12 tons of coke so as to treat 88 tons of ore on the spot than it is to carry the latter a great distance to be treated by 12 tons of coke. One great collateral advantage is that a variety of ores are being discovered, highly suitable for fluxing.

For the purpose of acquiring and developing ninety-six of what are believed to be the most valuable and promising mining properties in the province, and also to acquire from time to time, as opportunities offer, similar properties, the

Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia, Limited, was incorporated on Jan. 14, 1898, with a capital of half a million. It is also intended to carry on the gainful business of transport and trading in machinery, tools, mining implements, food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life and industry, the profits of which are likely to be enormous. The properties which have been acquired promise, in the judgment of competent authorities, to yield extraordinary results. The most valuable claims have been selected, after a thorough inquiry and investigation by experts, spread over a lengthened period. The encircled numbers on the Sketch Plan show the approximate locations. One important and promising feature is their proximity to mines like those mentioned below, which have yielded and are continuing to yield enormous wealth. Another is the abundance of wood and water, for lack of which so many mining ventures have proved unremunerative. A third feature is that the ninety-six mines are spread over a considerable area, and that each district has its own special recommendations. The districts comprise Lillooet, Yale, Kamloops, Lardeau, Kootenay, and the islands and inlets on the Pacific Coast above Vancouver. Many of the latter being close to navigable waters, the ores can be transported to the smelters at slight cost. Quartz developments are

being made on claims situate on Texada Island, and from one of these shipments have gone on for several months. All these ores carry gold, and some of it is free milling.

One important and promising feature is the proximity of the Associated Mines to those which have yielded, and are continuing to yield, enormous wealth. Two of the mines, for instance, adjoin the exceedingly valuable "Tungier" mine, brought out by the Goldfields of British



SMELTER AT TRAIL, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Limited, and are contiguous to the "Waverley," another rich mine promoted by the same company. The "Tungier" was brought to such a state of development by the parent concern that at the statutory meeting on Feb. 17, 1898, an announcement was made of a shipment of fifteen tons of ore, valued at about £350. It was also stated that numerous assays show that the vein, of fifteen feet in width, carries £6 worth of gold per ton and over one hundred ounces of silver. The strong presumption is that this rich vein runs through the adjacent land owned by the Associated Gold Mines of British Columbia.

Another group of three are close to the famous "Silver Cup," which is said to be yielding £10,000 monthly. Two others adjoin "Morning Glory," the assay of which is £200 per ton. Two more are contiguous to the successful "Iron Mask." The "Summit Group" of five properties adjoin the "Grant Govan," and also the "Waverley." Another, the "Trahadah," in Cayoosh Creek, is next the "Golden Stripe" and the "Excelsior," and the gold in that creek is said by Dr. G. M. Dawson to be worth \$18 an ounce.

are in a forward state. That property is situated in the Selkirk Mountains, near Golden, on the C.P.R. Several veins outcrop on the claim, and one of them is from four to eight feet thick. Thirty assays made from ore on the ground showed an average of \$50 per ton in gold, and exceedingly favourable reports have been made on the property by three eminent mining engineers. Besides the above mentioned, upwards of twenty of the Associated

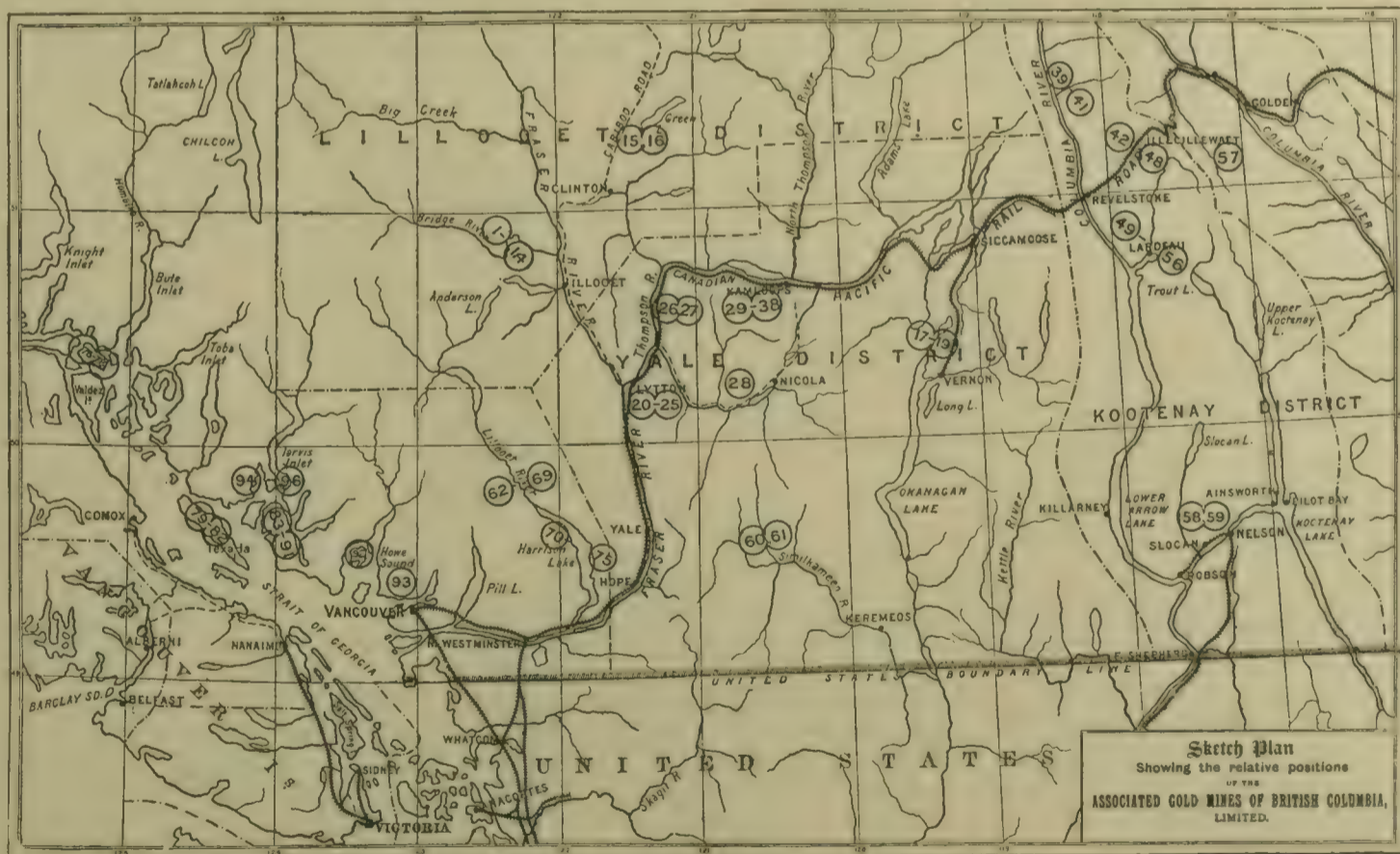
Mines have been so far developed as to prove beyond all question their permanent dividend-earning capacity, and arrangements are also in progress to constitute separate companies for acquiring and working them. All these properties are so advanced in various stages, and so practically workable, that clean, good ore can be shipped in almost any quantity immediately, with what the responsible agents and experts in British Columbia state will prove to be large and satisfactory results. Of course the profits on the resale of these mines, and of the others to follow, will accrue to the shareholders in the parent company.

The West Kootenay district realised from her mines nearly £2,000,000 sterling last year, and the "Slocan Star" has paid monthly dividends as high as £20,000. The Slocan district has a remarkable record. Its area is only about 15 by 25 miles, but there are about fifty mines from which regular shipments of ore are made. The average last year contained 117 oz. of silver per ton, and 52 per cent. of lead, and the mine owners are said to have realised a net profit of \$75 per ton. In Lillooet district are the "Golden Cache," the "Golden Stripe," the "Excelsior," and other extremely rich mines. The well-known "Blue Bell" mine has reported assays of \$1673 per ton. "Le Roi," near Rossland, may fairly be ranked amongst the

great gold-mines of the world. It was opened up four or five years ago, in a small way, by men of limited means. To-day it is paying £10,000 per month in dividends. The Provincial Mineralogist states that the value of the ore yielded by the mines in 1896, being the last completed return, was \$7,146,425, against \$2,608,608 in 1890. In the opinion of mining and financial authorities on the Stock Exchange and in the Press, and of experts of high position, there is every probability of a speedy "boom" in British Columbia, far greater than even now exists.

The Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 67, King William Street, E.C., has courteously supplied most of the particulars and the illustrations of British Columbia given in this article. The Company also has done much to diffuse authentic information throughout the United Kingdom on the climate, the products, the mineral resources, the trade, fisheries, and the general development of the province, with particulars as to the acquisition of land, the location of towns, travelling and

banking facilities and other matters of interest to travellers and settlers. Free schools exist throughout the province. The means of elementary instruction keep pace with the growth of the population. Nor are the more sparsely peopled districts neglected. Wherever a minimum daily attendance of at least ten pupils can be secured, the Government supplies a certificated teacher, so that there is scarcely a settlement in the country too small or too scattered for the advantages of a common school education to be afforded. Last year's return gives over two



PLAN OF THE ASSOCIATED GOLD MINES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Numbers refer to the Ninety-six Mines.

Two others are near the "Lucky Strike," and seem destined to become famous in the annals of mining, for the "leads" have been traced 3000 feet and are workable all the year. One more mine adjoins the well-known "Raven" and the "Van Anda"; and, indeed, all the ninety-six belonging to the Associated are in the immediate proximity of other proved mines, and are located on or near to the Canadian Pacific Railroad, or in the vicinity of lakes and rivers, so that transport facilities are great.

It is intended with all speed to bring out a series of subsidiary companies, to which single mines or small groups of mines will be sold, for the purpose of fully developing and working them. Within about a month, for example, it is expected that this will be done with the "Robert E. Burns" mine, and the necessary arrangements

hundred public schools throughout the province, educating about 16,000 children. About one-fifth of the total revenue is thus disbursed, besides large annual grants from the Department of Lands and Mines for the erection of school buildings. The salaries of teachers in cities are defrayed out of municipal rates, which also support high schools.

In the early days, during the first mining "boom," and prior to the opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the cost of living was high. Growing competition and increased facilities for transportation by land and water have lowered the prices of the necessaries of life, which cost no more at the present time than in the adjacent United States territory. They can be purchased at a moderate advance upon the prices ruling in the markets of Ontario and Eastern Canada.

## LADIES' PAGES.

## DRESS.

Not alone matinee-goers, but milliners as well, have reason to rejoice at Mr. George Alexander's last feat of management, for the "respectful request" just made to the overhatted contingent is none the less a ukase, and one that will probably result in the permanent establishment among us of the theatre toque, as it is known in Paris. How it is this becoming and ornamental outcome of millinery has not been naturalised among us before is an unanswerable question and an illogical fact. In practically obliging the wearers of the picturesque to leave their halos in the dressing-room, the astute lessee of the St. James's has, however, virtually solved a vexatious problem. Everyone knows that women are as reluctant to disarrange their headgear as cats are to take an unconsidered cold bath, and as all this ruffling of plumage may be avoided by the adoption of the dainty toque, we shall not improbably see the afternoon strolls and pit soon begirt with flower-trimmed capotes, after the favourite and appropriate manner of our Lutetian neighbours. In last week's article I alluded to this particular style of chapeau, which, made quite round and small, composed also of one particular flower, such as violets, mignonette, or roses, with a twist ribbon to match or contrast, and a well-arranged osprey, is already an inevitable item of our early spring purchases.

Both in and out of town there has been an epidemic of weddings this year, and it would seem as if the chronic bachelor had given way to fate in larger numbers than usual. An immediate cause, whatever the initial one, was, however, merely the approach of Lent—an impending event which has before now been usefully used to hurry up many a wavering wooer, it may be added. In view of the number of marriages one attends yearly, it constantly occurs to me that some effort might be made to vary the interminable monotony of white satin bridal gowns. Even allowing that the colour must remain a fixture, still some changes might be surely rung as to trimming and material. White silk, plentifully softened with lace or mousseline-de-soie, for instance, or all white lace over plain Brussels net, makes still a very beautiful dress. At a smart French wedding last week the bride wore white terry velvet, trimmed with sable in narrow borderings and old lace, the effect of which was infinitely better than our over-recurring satin. There is a growing fondness for differently coloured jewel trimmings on brides' gowns, I notice, which will probably lead to other innovations later. A very pretty little bride of Irish nationality had, for instance, some beautifully arranged Louis Quinze knots on the folded bodice and apron of her white satin, which were carried out in emeralds and paste.



A PRINCESSE DRESS.

Another recently worn marriage dress of thick white poplin was helped out by ribbon embroidery of turquoise and white. A third had trails of pink anemones admirably carried out in chenille embroidery of differently shaded pale pinks and creams; the bride wore pink coral and diamond ornaments. It is said, by the way, that the Queen of Italy intends to bring coral into fashion again. Mixed with diamonds and pearls, it certainly is most

effective; and as pink pearls in any quantity are only possible to millionaires, it is probable that this always pleasing contrast of colour in jewellery will come into the shop windows again. The latest lorgnettes have rims set in diamonds. Rather a dazzling effect for those who want to see the eyes beneath, and decidedly disconcerting as a matter of comparison for their owners—be they never so bright-eyed.

There is a certain tone of bright full cherry colour which fashion now pronounces for. It goes well on a fair woman, while absolutely glorifying a clear-complexioned brunette. The most entirely ravishing frock in this colour has been executed by Ducet for a forthcoming ball at Rome. I had an appreciative interview with it in its owner's Paris flat lately, and can feelingly recommend a duplicate to the notice of a smart woman with an intelligent dressmaker. On the foundation of rose satin, made wide round the feet, there was a transparent overdress of tulle made of inch-wide tucks in two colours. These differently toned tucks were alternate, and composed bodice and skirt. The waist-belt of folded cherry-colour miroir velvet was a shade deeper. One straight band of silk embroidery on rose tulle was brought down from the décolletage to hem, and a broad garniture of white lilac flowers and foliage surrounded the square-cut bodice. The *chic* of this little gown was indescribable, and the contrast of colour, it seemed to me, touched the high-water mark of the couturière's cunning.

To be worn with it, or rather over it, was an opera-cloak of pale pearl grey made in the new material, serge de Chine. A floral appliqué of pink rose and cream anemone flowers embroidered in silks was laid in bands straight at the Watteau back and sloping in front. The collar and fronts of chinchilla enclosed a very fully draped front of grey mousseline-de-soie. The satin lining of this cloak was one shade deeper rose than the tulle gown it is intended to cover, so that a perfect harmony was created by both garments, which thus really and truly evolved "a heartburning costume."

Soft, light-coloured plain cloths seem to obtain more with the feminine fancy than the more elaborate fancy materials this spring, and a very graceful example of the forthcoming Princesse style is given here, made in a dull olive-brown shade with borderings of dark brown otter outside narrow lines of black braid. The yoke is a feature, being of ivory satin, on which a chenille embroidery of variously coloured small flowers is exquisitely wrought. The ruches of chiffon of a hat of wavy satin straw in black repeat these pale colourings most satisfactorily.

Sèvres blue is another colour-novelty, and though somewhat *royant*, can be effectively toned down with black. One of the dresses in the new play at the

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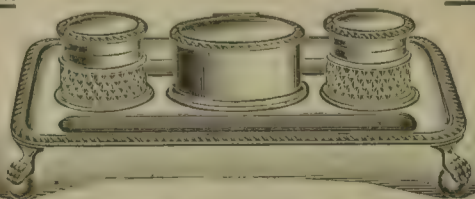
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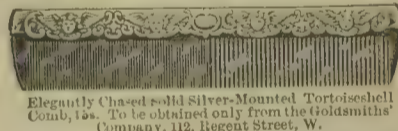


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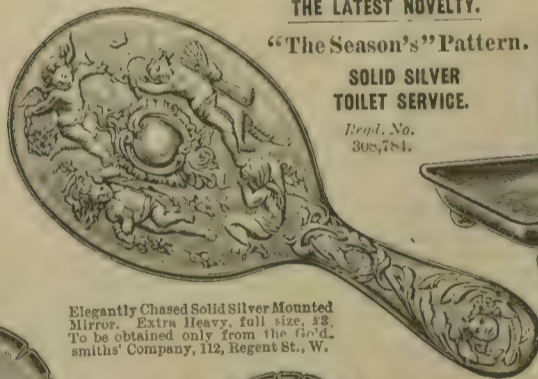
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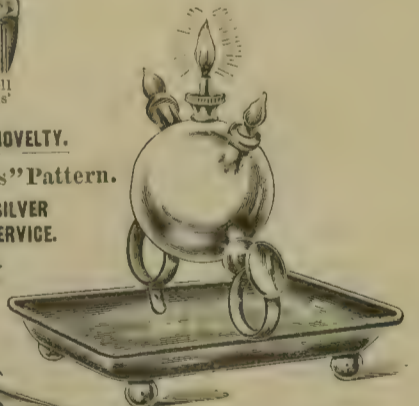
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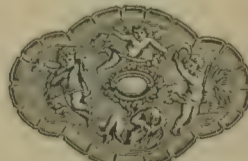
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Variétés—a most admirably gowned production—is of this shade, steel embroideries appearing on apron and bodice, which latter opens over a smart waistcoat of folded black taffetas. A chestnut-brown cloth in this same piece is relieved with a side panel on skirt of Sèvres blue velvet, outlined with white and gold guipure. One reverts to match appears on bodice, and a dainty chemisette of white chiffon is tucked with blue floss silk to match.

Hats are at the moment a more vital point than even frocks, however, as with advancing spring, while still deliberating on the to-be or not to-be of conflicting fascinations in "stuffs," we are bound, by every law of self-respecting variety, to crown ourselves with flower-decked chapeaux. So much does a judicious brilliance of headgear enliven and atone for less modish manners elsewhere. At the moment Paris hats, as seductive as the inspired millinery imagination can make them, incline much to jaunty effects in crinoline straw, both ivory and black, which has the knack of being easily twisted into all sorts of unthought-of and becoming curves. Aigrettes of red and pink roses go very well with black wavy straw, and one which was trimmed with rouleaux of pale pink and soft yellow velvet was quite lovely. SYBIL.

#### NOTES.

Queen Artemisia, whose splendid monument to her husband, Mausoleus, gives us our word for a stately tomb, is the only historical rival to our own gracious Sovereign in the visible memorials of affection for the departed placed by her royal hands. Numerous memorials set up by the Queen to faithful servants exist, from Lord Beaconsfield's tablet, with its Biblical and flattering motto, "Kings love him that speaketh right," and from the great cairn that commemorates the fidelity of John Brown, down to the simple cross over the humble domestic, male or female. The latest addition is a grey marble cross, in Kensal Green Cemetery, to the old nurse who presided over the royal nursery from the time that the Prince of Wales was three years old till Princess Beatrice was promoted to the school-room. It bears, besides the inscription that it is raised by V.R.I. and her children to the memory of their faithful servant, a really pretty quatrain. Is it the work of the Laureate? It would be true for many a faithful old nurse and "her" children

Love followed duty in her heart for those  
The children given to her charge; and they,  
Like her own child, returned the love that grows  
In honour strengthened through the waning day.

It might, perhaps, be generous, and in the long run politic, if the leading works of women painters were reserved for an annual show of "lady artists" only. But this is not so, and it will not ever be so, since painting is a business, and the Academy and other great exhibitions offer the best sales. The annual Lady Artists' Exhibition consists therefore of the work, for the most part, that cannot get into any of the large general exhibitions, and



OPERA WRAP OF LIGHT CLOTH.

hence it is most misleading and injurious to the position of women in art. We all know that the feeble, commonplace, timid work that is on the whole what is shown there does not represent in fact the attainments of women in art; yet we cannot clear our judgments of the

illusion, and the third-rate show gives an impression that women's work is inevitably third rate. There is no sex in art. The "Royal Female School of Art" is a different matter. It provides a certain degree of help for young women that they could not otherwise obtain. But the suggestion made by Lord Ronald Gower in giving away the prizes there the other day should be adopted—the term "female," equally applicable to the lower animals, should be discarded in favour of the "School of Art for Ladies."

To marry an astronomer appears an excellent plan for ensuring acceptance as a "helpmate indeed." Perhaps it is that the inimitable patience of women is so much in demand in this science. There were two actual working women astronomers in the expeditions that watched the total eclipse of the sun in India on Jan. 22. Many hands (and brains) were wanted for this piece of work, as the complete eclipse would only last two minutes—and the party of observers travelled many thousand miles for that brief opportunity. Mrs. Maunder, the wife of the leader of the Astronomical Society's British expedition, was entrusted with the entire management of one instrument, in an observatory all alone. A similar responsibility rested, in the case of the American expedition, on the wife of Professor Campbell, of the great Lick Observatory. It is almost needless to add that both ladies are experienced in the work, having aided their husbands for a long time. Another instance: Mr. Huggins, in his "Personal Retrospect" in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, incidentally says: "By this time I had the great happiness of having secured an able and enthusiastic assistant by my marriage in 1875." Mrs. Huggins' work in astronomy has been very considerable.

Sir James Stansfeld was to women "a very parfaite gentill knight." Unfailingly his vote, voice, and influence were at their service. He will especially be remembered as the first Minister of State to employ a woman in an important Government office. We are now familiar with the idea of women Government inspectors, but it was an absolute novelty, and much criticised, when Mr. Stansfeld appointed the very first woman to such an office. He was then the President of the newly instituted Local Government Board, and he chose Mrs. Nassau Senior to report on the condition of pauper children. The shocking facts that she brought to light as to the after lives of the girls brought up in our Poor-law schools were not agreeable to the persons on whose past management a reflection was thus thrown, and Mrs. Senior was bitterly attacked, but her chief stood by her with unchanging strong loyalty, and reforms were initiated of which the full benefit is not yet reaped. Sir James was equally firm in his support of the women's "causes" to which he gave his adhesion. Medical education of women particularly owes much to his help. On his retirement from public life he was the recipient of two handsomely illuminated addresses, signed by the leading women in political, medical, and public work, expressing their gratitude for his steady and powerful support of their various "movements." F. F.-M.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1896), with a codicil (dated Dec. 13, 1897), of Sir Robert Stickney Blaine, J.P., of Summerhill, Bath, M.P. for Bath 1885-86, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 12 by Dame Lydia Letitia Purvis Blaine, the widow, James Jackson, William Bousfield, and Colonel Theophilus Vaughton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £341,974. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his wife; £100 and £35,000 each, upon trust, for his four daughters, Maud, Mabel, Olivia, and Dorothy; £500 each to the Royal United Hospital and the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, Bath; £200 to the Bath Eye Infirmary; £100 to the Bluecoat School, Bath; £2500 to Alfred Derwent George Moger; £100 each to William S. M. Goodenough and his wife, Evelina Goodenough; £500 each to Sophia Letitia Jessie Blaine and Helen Blaine; £500 each to his executors, James Jackson, William Bousfield, and Colonel Vaughton; and legacies and annuities to friends and servants. He gives £1000 to his son Gilbert, a further £10,000 if he survives Lady Blaine, and two sums of £50,000 and £25,000 are to be held, upon trust, for him when he attains twenty-five years of age, and in the meantime he is to receive £600 per annum, to be increased to £1100 in the event of his marriage. His Summerhill Estate, with the furniture and effects, he settles on his son and his issue, but Lady Blaine during widowhood is to have the use and occupation thereof and £3000 per annum until he attains thirty years of age. Should she

cease to reside at Summerhill a sum of £1500 is to be laid out in the purchase of another residence for her, and an annuity of £2000 is to be paid to her during such time as she shall remain his widow, to be reduced to £1000 per annum in the event of her again marrying. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon numerous trusts for his son and his children.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1894) of Mr. John March Case, of Berrylands Villa, Surbiton, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on Feb. 2 by Thomas Kains, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £51,554. The testator gives Berrylands, with the furniture and contents, to his daughter Emma, and subject thereto he leaves all his property, as to one third thereof, upon trust, for his sister, Mrs. Lucy O'Neill, for life, and then to his daughter Emma; one third to the children of his sister, Mrs. Maria Brehmer, in the proportion of three quarters to her unmarried daughters and one quarter to her other children, and the remaining one third to his daughter Emma.

The will (dated July 13, 1894) of Mr. Robert Lucas Chance, of Chad Hill, Edgbaston, Birmingham, who died on Nov. 24, was proved on Jan. 26 at the Birmingham District Registry, by Mrs. Elizabeth Fanny Chance, the widow, Arthur Lucas Chance, J.P., the son, John Homer Chance, the brother, and Kenneth Alan Macaulay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £115,232. The testator bequeaths £500, his household furniture, plate, etc., carriages and horses, and an annuity

of £1000 to his wife; £15,000 and twenty £100 shares of the Oldbury Alkali Company, upon trust, for his daughter, Frances Ethel Chance, her husband, and children; £3000 and twenty of such shares upon like trusts for his daughter Mrs. Agnes Louisa Goodwin; £105 and a picture to Kenneth Alan Macaulay; £500 and ten £100 shares of the Oldbury Alkali Company each to his daughter-in-law Mabel H. Chance and his son-in-law Frederick Sidney Goodwin; £150 for distribution among his servants; £100, upon trust, for the regular poor recipients of his bounty; £200 among the poor for the time being of the congregation called Separatists who worship at Smethwick; and a few small legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Arthur Lucas Chance.

The will (dated Aug. 31, 1893), with two codicils (dated Aug. 30, 1895, and May 6, 1897), of Mr. Peter MacLaren, J.P., of Highfield, Pendlebury, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 18 last, was proved in the Manchester District Registry on Jan. 10 by William MacLaren and Frederick James MacLaren, the sons, the value of the personal estate being £49,425. Subject to numerous legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his sons William, Frederick James, and Henry MacLaren.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1887), with three codicils (dated Oct. 14, 1889, Dec. 4, 1890, and July 4, 1892), of Mr. Jacob Philipp, of Clifton House, Bradford, who died on Dec. 27, was proved on Feb. 8 by Adolphus Philipp and Charles James Philipp, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £48,080. The

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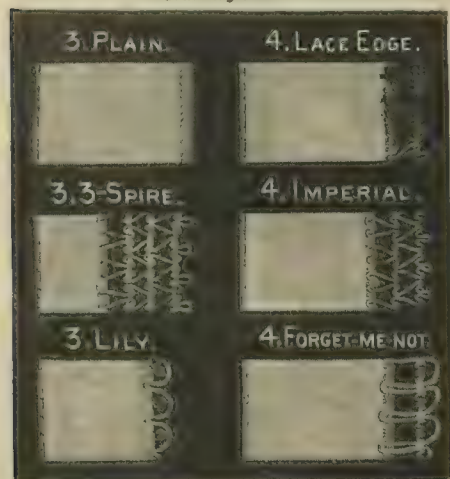
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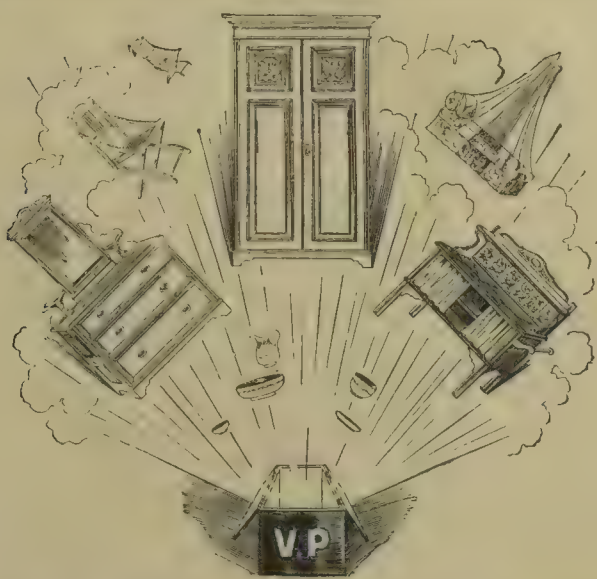
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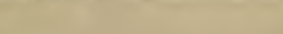
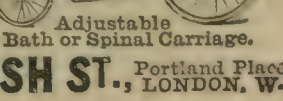
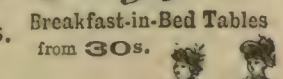
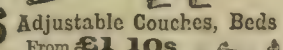
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The will (dated Oct. 15, 1897) of Major-General Newton Robert Burlton, of 98, Piccadilly, and 6, Saltram Place, Plymouth, who died on Nov. 13, was proved on Feb. 9 by Colonel Henry Montgomery Barton Burlton, the brother, and Ernest William Marshall, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £27,924. The testator gives £50 each to the National Refuges for Homeless and Destitute Children (Shaftesbury Avenue), the School for the Indigent Blind (Southwark), the Charity Organisation Society, the Ladies' Charity School (Powis Gardens), and the Devon and Cornwall Asylum for Female Orphans; certain stocks and shares to his nephews and niece, and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews William Erle, F. Burlton, Howard Benjamin, N. Burlton, Lloyd Newton, J. Burlton, and Philip Sykes Burlton, and his niece Amy Florence Marshall.

The will (dated June 19, 1893) of Mrs. Elizabeth Pears, of The Limes, London Road, Hounslow, widow of Francis Pears, of Isleworth, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on Feb. 10 by Edgar Eldred, junior, and Edward Lovejoy, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £20,938. The testatrix gives £2000, her gold watch, chain, and wearing apparel to Emma Jemina Shawyer;

£500 each to George David Hall and her godchild, Elizabeth Bush; £200 each to the nine children of her cousin, William Lovejoy; £200 each to the ten children of Andrew Pears; £200 each to the children of Kate Nichols and Bertha Windo, the daughters of her late husband; £200 each to George, Arthur, and Frederick Taylor; £100 to Edward Lovejoy, and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to Edgar Eldred.

The will (dated Oct. 27, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Goldesbrough Stockwell, of 7, Queen's Parade, Bath, who died on Nov. 2, was proved at the Bristol District Registry on Jan. 4 by Mrs. Mary Ann Stockwell, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £26,371. The testator gives and devises all his property, both real and personal, to his wife absolutely.

The will and codicil of the Right Hon. Cecilia Susanna Brise, Baroness Garvagh, of 19, Kensington Gardens Terrace, who died on Jan. 2, were proved on Feb. 11 by Sir Samuel Brise Ruggles Brise, K.C.B., the brother and surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4917.

The will of Mr. Charles Sunderland-Taylor, J.P., of Chester Lodge, Hunstanton, Norfolk, who died on Dec. 14, has been proved by Mrs. Alice Isabel Sunderland-Taylor, the widow, and Hayward James Strudwick, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £562.

The will of General Sir Charles William Adair, K.C.B., of 12, Portland Terrace, Southsea, A.D.C. to the Queen 1870-78, who died on Dec. 27, has been proved by Dame Isabella Adair, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £2444.

## MUSIC.

Lady Hallé made her last appearance at the Monday Popular Concerts of last week for the present season, and played, in association with MM. Haydn Inwards, Gibson, and Paul Ludwig, Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat, a composition which, so far as sustained work goes, is, perhaps, as high a level as he ever reached in this kind of music. In it the composer strictly confines his research to sheer beauty, which he frequently succeeds in discovering. This is, indeed, the great artistic defence which Mendelssohn brings against the many hard things that have been said about him: that he always had beauty in phrase and expression before him as the ideal to which he should attain, and that he very seldom did less than the best that was in him. Mr. Hugo Heinz was the vocalist, and sang a fine but rather dreary Brahms among other songs, and Mdlle. Ilona Eibenschütz was the pianist. She played with her customary vigour and feeling.

Mr. Arthur de Greef gave a second pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on the Tuesday of last week, and by playing Brahms, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, and Liszt proved his extraordinary versatility and his wide catholicity of emotion. Such qualities, perhaps, prevent him from showing any overwhelming sympathy with a particular composer. You could not, for example, compare his Beethoven playing, fine as it is, to that of d'Albert; and Paderewski confronted with Chopin is a very different matter from de Greef face to face with the same composer. Yet Mr. de Greef is, without any question, a great player. He has a splendid technique even for a period where excellent technique is looked upon, more or less, as child's-play. He has a powerful musical intuition; some passages of his, here and there, even in so

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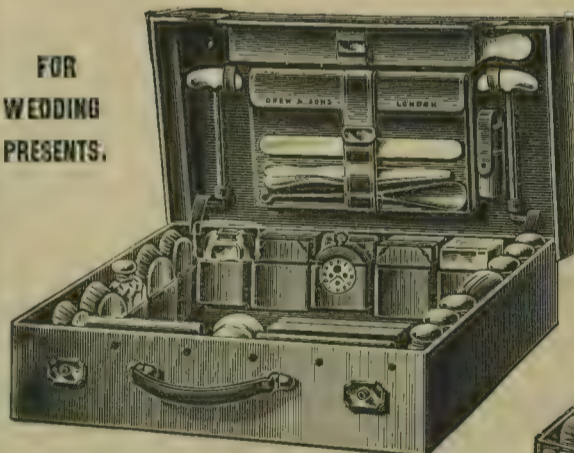


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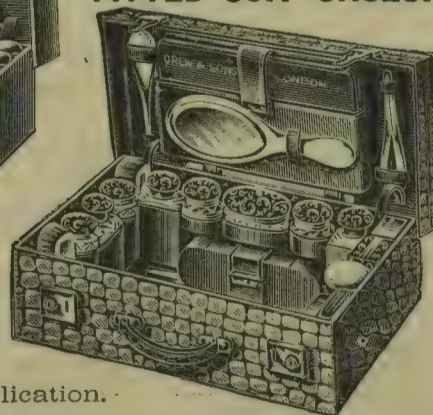
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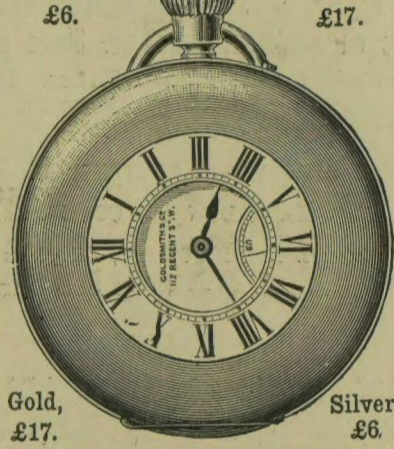
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M. Lamoureux, on the Wednesday of last week, gave a very noble concert at the Queen's Hall, with the assistance of the admirable orchestra which plays there Saturday by Saturday under the baton of Mr. Henry Wood. The chief item of the concert was Beethoven's Choral Symphony, in which the Queen's Hall Choral Society for the chorus, and Madame Medora Henson, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. Lloyd Chandos, and Mr. Thomas Meux for the soloists, took part. Many rumours had already reached London of the immense success which the French conductor had achieved with this symphony on the Continent, particularly at Milan, and expectation was accordingly on tip-toe. That expectation was not disappointed. The rendering was perhaps not finished to the last point of perfection—is it possible that this world will ever hear the chorus sung upon this level?—but it was, beyond all cavil, exceedingly fine. The amazing third movement went gloriously, and the famous Scherzo, mad, sad, and merry by turns, was interpreted with astounding intelligence and clearness. For the rest of the concert we had Mozart's overture to "Die

Zauberflöte," a showy but superficial "Danse Macabre" by Saint Saëns, and the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin."

On Thursday afternoon, at St. James's Hall, Herr Liebling gave a further pianoforte recital, this time of works entirely by Schumann. We have already expressed an opinion upon Herr Liebling's mastery of the pianoforte. He has a strong assertive touch, he has a good technical accomplishment, he has momentary arrests of inspiration, but, on the whole, he seems to be lacking somewhat in coherence of purpose and in what may, for want of a better phrase, be called musical forethought. He plays Schumann creditably, but one prefers Schumann's pianoforte works rather in single spies than in battalions. This, however, is a matter of individual taste.

On Friday evening a large and highly appreciative audience foregathered at an excellent concert of chamber-music given in the small Queen's Hall by Miss Minnie Theobald. Miss Theobald, a violoncellist of considerable aptitude and of quite astonishing versatility, played in Dvorák's Quartet in D. Brahms' Sonata in E minor, and solos by Bach, Popper, Fischer, and others. Miss Theobald

has the instinct of a refined musician. She plays with the right emotion always, but without excess or the slightest affectation. She has a strong wrist, governs her instrument admirably, and shows singular intelligence. She was assisted in her concert by Miss Gwynne Kimpton, Miss Bessie Jones, and others.

On Saturday last, at the Queen's Hall, under Mr. Henry Wood, Dr. Parry's "Magnificat" and Mozart's glorious Symphony in G Minor were given, the former with the Queen's Hall Choral Society's assistance. Madame Medora Henson was the soloist. Dr. Parry's work was, it will be remembered, produced for the first time at the Hereford Festival of last autumn. On Saturday the composer, who was called to the platform at the conclusion, received quite an ovation, and it was well that it should be so. But it is open to legitimate doubt as to whether the "Magnificat" is really likely to take a high place among modern compositions. The solos, for example, are frankly without charm, and there are perilously trivial passages here and there in the score; but it has a certain swing and a not unpleasant pomposity—while the orchestration is always good—which serve to keep it from dullness. The Mozart symphony was played by Mr. Wood and his

The Subscription List will OPEN on Monday, Feb. 28, 1898, and CLOSE on or before Wednesday, March 1, for Town, and Thursday morning, March 2, at 12, for Country.

# SALSADELLA LITHOGRAPHIC STONE QUARRY, LTD.

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Sir W. JOHN TYLER, C.I.E., 9, Powis Square, Bayswater, W. (Chairman).  
His Excellency Don PEDRO DE GOVANTES Y DE AZCARRAGA, Member of Parliament for the Province of Castellon in Spain.  
THOMAS MOORE, Esq. (Land and Water), Pall Mall East, London, S.W.  
Dr. ANTONIO MA REGIDOR JURADO, 23, Billiter Street, London, E.C., Legal Adviser and Secretary General of the Chamber of Commerce of Spain in London.  
\*JOHN WOOD, Esq., Whitfield House, Glossop, Derbyshire.

\* Will join the Board after Allotment.

## ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed to acquire, work, and develop the valuable and extensive Lithographic Stone Quarry of Clotazos at Salsadella, in the Province of Castellon de la Plana, Spain, and the concession of the Consuelo Mine on the same property.

The Quarry is acquired as a going concern, and the purchase includes all the buildings and water reservoirs, goodwill, machinery, apparatus, stock of pre-arranged stones, implements, and things now in use at the Quarry or belonging thereto, the right of using the Municipal common lands for the purposes of the Quarry, the use of the Municipal water, together with a mill with its waterdam and canal, and with land for additional accommodation, and the option of purchasing three other supposed lithographic stone deposits in the surrounding district.

The Quarry is held under a concession granted without limitation of period by the Municipality and Committee of Taxpayers of the town of Salsadella, approved by the Governor of the Province, and ratified by the Spanish Government at Madrid, for the working and utilisation of the stone and sand in the Quarry, subject only to the payment of the nominal royalty of 25 cents of a peseta (about 2d.) per cubic metre of stone sold, and 5 cents (less than 1d.) per cubic metre of sand.

The town of Salsadella possesses special facilities for transport, being situated in the Province of Castellon de la Plana, on the main road from Castellon (the capital of the Province) to Zaragoza, at easy distances from the Port of Vinaz and Alcala de Chisvert respectively, both of which, as well as Castellon, are stations on the Valencia and Barcelona Railway.

The trade in lithographic stones is of a most exceptional nature, the supply being practically limited to the products from the quarries of Solenhofen in Bavaria, though there are, according to the official catalogue of the Centenaire de la Lithographie, held in Paris in 1895, two quarries in France. The stones, however, from the latter country are stated to be useless for high-class work. On the other hand, the stones quarried from the Salsadella Quarry are of the very finest quality, being principally of the well-known grey colour so much sought after for high-class work, and which, when of large dimensions such as this Quarry can produce, command the price of from £20 to £30 for each stone, and the average cost of obtaining and preparing each stone is reported to the Directors to be only from 3s. 7d. to 4s.

Among the firms of high standing who have executed work upon the Salsadella stone are Messrs. Maclure and Co., the Queen's Lithographers, of Queen Victoria Street, whose lithographic portrait, executed on this stone, of His Majesty the King of Spain accompanies this prospectus; Messrs. Waterlow and Sons, Limited, who have prepared the plan of the Quarry and works in five different tints, which also accompanies this prospectus; Messrs. Orford Smith, Limited, who execute lithographic work for Mellin's Food, and for The Illustrated London News, Sketch, Lady's Pictorial, Sporting and Dramatic News, Pearson's Magazine, and other illustrated journals, and who have recently produced the lithographic portrait of His Majesty the King of Spain accompanying the prospectus, executed on

Salsadella stone by express permission accorded to The Illustrated London News, Limited, by Her Majesty the Queen Regent; Messrs. Bradbury, Wilkinson and Co., Limited; and other prominent lithographic firms.

More than twenty stones from Salsadella Quarry were used in the production of some of the pictures in the recent Jubilee Number of The Illustrated London News, the large number of impressions taken affording the strongest evidence of their quality and durability.

The stone is no only, however, of the highest class, but the demand for it is exceptional, the Directors being assured that the Spanish market (which is estimated to consume not less than 20,000 stones per annum) will be, in fact, monopolised by this Company on account of the prohibitive Spanish Custom Duties payable in respect of stone imported into that country, and, in consequence, there is a saving of 20 per cent. in favour of Salsadella stone as compared with Bavarian.

The Directors have, at the present moment, numerous orders in execution from lithographic printers and artists in London, Madrid, Valencia, Zaragoza, Barcelona, and other important centres, including repeated orders from the Spanish Minister of War; and the leading artists and printers who have once used the Salsadella stone have repeated and continued their orders.

As an instance of the favour with which the Salsadella stone is met in the trade, one of the largest importers of Bavarian stone in Barcelona, a most important lithographic centre, has opened a depot there for sale of the Salsadella stone, and has relinquished the sale of the Bavarian product.

The Directors, in order to keep pace with the constantly increasing demand for the Salsadella stone, intend to add to the present plant and machinery by the erection of nine additional saws and their accessories, and on a careful estimate the Directors are advised that this will give a gross revenue of £36,000, which, after deduction for working and administration expenses, and provision for reserve and depreciation funds (estimated at £11,800), will leave a net yearly profit of £24,200—that is, equal to a dividend of just over 24 per cent. on the capital of the Company.

The price fixed by the Vendor, the above-named Mr. John Wood, who is the sole owner of the property, and also the promoter of the Company, for the concessions, plant, goodwill, machinery, stock, contracts, and rights comprising the undertaking, is £90,000, of which £28,333 will be paid or satisfied by fully paid shares of the Company; £7500 in cash; and as to the balance of £54,167, in cash or fully paid shares at the option of the Directors, so that after payment for the properties the proceeds of the remaining 10,000 shares will be available for working capital.

The purchase contract is made between the said John Wood of the one part, and Henry Josiah Humm as trustee for the Company of the other part, and is dated Nov. 6, 1897.

The Vendor has undertaken to pay all expenses of and incidental to the formation and incorporation of the Company up to allotment, including the costs and charges of Dr. Jurado, who has acted as Spanish legal adviser to the Vendor in relation to the matter. Contracts have also been entered into with reference to providing and guaranteeing part of the Company's

## BANKERS.

THE CITY BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

## BROKERS.

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## SOLICITORS.

Messrs. MADDISONS, 1, King's Arms Yard, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

## AUDITORS.

Messrs. F. G. WILLETT & CO., Chartered Accountants, Bush Lane House, London, & Birmingham.

## SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

E. CHANNING, Esq., 2, Fenchurch Buildings, London, E.C.

capital, but the Company is not a party thereto. There are also sundry trade and other contracts in relation to the Quarry and business. Applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of all the contracts mentioned in this paragraph, and to have waived their rights (if any) to particulars thereof.

Application will be made in due course to the London Stock Exchange for settlement in and a quotation of the shares of the Company.

The purchase contract, specimens of the stone obtained from the Company's Quarry, specimens of work done on the Company's stone, photographs of the Quarry and works, and the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen at the Offices of the Solicitors to the Company.

Applications for shares may be made on the accompanying form and forwarded to the Company's Bankers, together with the remittance for the amount payable on application. Prospectuses may be had of the Bankers, Brokers, Solicitors, and Secretary of the Company.

## FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To be cut out, filled up, and forwarded with cheque for the amount, payable on application to the Company's Bankers, The City Bank, Limited, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

## Salsadella Lithographic Stone Quarry, LIMITED.

### FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of SALSADELLA LITHOGRAPHIC STONE QUARRY, LIMITED.

GENTLEMEN,  
Having paid to the Company's Bankers the sum of £....., being a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share on..... Shares of £1 each in the above Company, I hereby request you to allot me that number of Shares, and I agree to accept the same, or any less number allotted to me, on the terms of the accompanying Prospectus, and subject to the provisions of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I authorise you to place my name on the Register of Members in respect of the Shares so allotted to me, and I agree to pay the further instalments upon such allotted Shares as required in the terms of the said Prospectus, and I hereby agree with the Company, as Trustee for the Directors and other persons liable, to waive any further compliance with Section 35 of the Companies Acts, 1867, other than that contained in the Prospectus.

Signature .....

Name (in full) .....

Address .....

Profession or Occupation .....

Date ..... 1898.

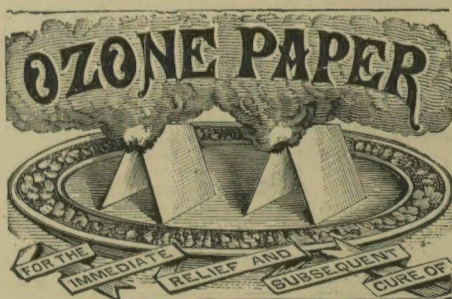
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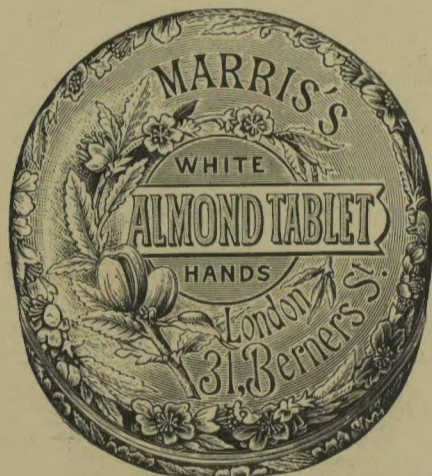
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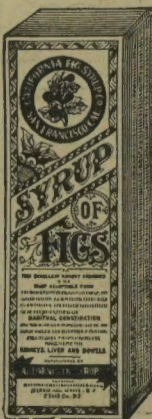
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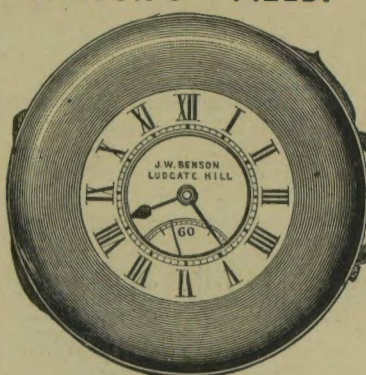
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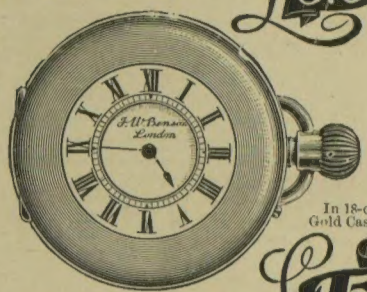
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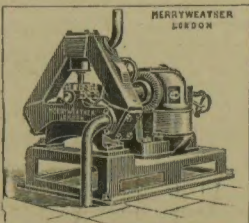
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Late in the previous week M. Slivinski gave a recital entirely composed of Chopin's pianoforte works, a most difficult feat to accomplish triumphantly, and he came through the ordeal with singular credit to himself. Indeed, however one may feel the variety of Chopin in this or the other composition, he remains one of the most mannered composers in the world. The result is that at the close of a long concert of this nature the manner has become almost intolerably monotonous. This being premised, there is nothing but praise for M. Slivinski's playing. He has the lightest, most delicate and silvery touch, and uses it with glowing effect in the butterfly

music of Chopin; nor is he wanting in that curious expression of physical pain and distress which are so often apparent in this master's work. M. Slivinski is one of few players who really understand their Chopin and his limitations; he recognises the high intelligence rather than the intellectuality of this music, and approaches it carefully and with evident thoughtfulness exactly from this point of view.

Mr. Martin D. Rucker, managing director of Humbers, has presented the hundred guineas paid him by the proprietor of the *St. James's Gazette* to the funds of the Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, which celebrates next June its centenary festival under the presidency of the Prince

of Wales. By this donation Mr. Rucker becomes a vice-patron of the institution.

Chief Justice Kotze has been dismissed by President Kruger for his opposition to the theory that the Transvaal judiciary is part of the Executive. Such a contention is quite incompatible with the independence of the Judges, and the Chief Justice's attitude is a commendable display of public spirit. But Mr. Kruger takes the old Cromwellian view of these matters. When the House of Commons dared to criticise the Protector he sent Colonel Pryde to "purge" the assembly. Mr. Kruger intends to "purge" the Transvaal Bench of independent Judges who refuse to obey the orders of the Government. "Oom Paul" is a very good imitation of Cromwell, but wholly out of date.

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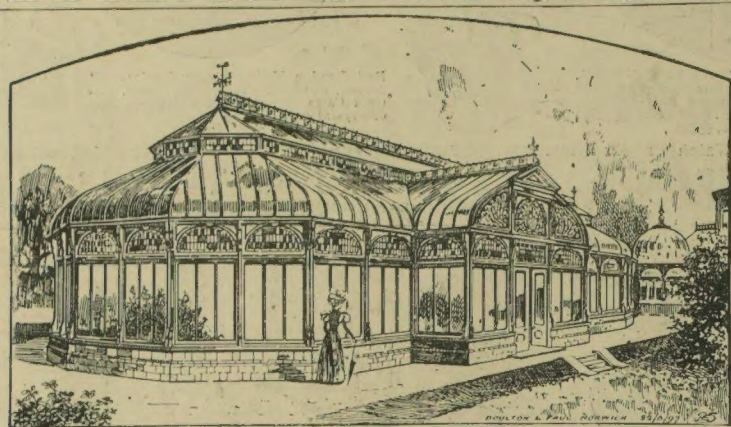
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